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WOMAN.

In infancy, from woman's breast,
We draw the food by nature given;
She lulls our childish pangs to rest,
And cheers us as a beam from heaven!
While woman smiles, she has the power
To heal our grief, and calm our fears;
Should sickness wound, should fortune lour
She shares our sorrows, dries our tears.
And she can soothe the cares of age,
As relentless time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
Or charm us with the magic song.
When stretched upon the bed of death,
Departing nature struggling lies,
In that dread pause—when the next breath
May waft our spirit to the skies;
When the soul views the narrow verge,
Close on the confines of the grave,
And now it longs its flight to urge,
Her wishes for an arm to save;
Who cheers that dreary scene of woe?
Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love?
Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—
'Tis woman, sent from heaven above.
'Tis she receives our parting sigh;
'Tis she who hears our latest breath;
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,
And whispers peace and hope in death!
And when the mournful scene is past,
'Tis woman weeps upon our bier;
Silent, yet long, her sorrows last,
Unseen, she sheds affection's tear.
On earth she is the truest friend
That is to man in mercy given;
And when this fleeting life shall end,
She'll live for purer bliss in heaven.
O woman! woman! thou wert made,
Like heaven's own pure and lovely light,
To cheer life's dark and desert shade,
And guide man's erring footsteps right.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Authoress of "The Cottage in the Glen," "Sensibility," "Losing and Winning," "Fascinations and Un... Wi...," &c.

...an scarcely believe my senses," said Mr. ...cey, as he was one morning sitting with ...tkins, "I can scarcely believe my senses, ...I see my old classmate, whom I left just ...colle..e, and my little friend, Susan Leigh, ...I found sitting on her father's knee when ...d to take leave before my departure for ...e, now married, settled, established in life! ...ms impossible! I have always thought of ...a child!"

...Atkins smiled. "You forget that we are ...years older than when you left us; and ...e you forget, too, that I was the youngest ...and has the privilege of sitting on my ...'s knee much longer than daughters are ...to do. You and Charles are about the same ...d I am but five years my husband's junior. ...feel too young to marry?"

...me; I am now six and twenty, one year ...usband's senior; and now that my wander...re over, I should really like to marry soon, ...I find a woman possessing those qualities ...in a wife, who would unite her fate with...

...onclude your taste has become fastidious, ...your observation of beauty and accom...ents in Europe," said Mrs. Atkins.

..., not exactly so; but from close observa... domestic life, I design to be guided by ...t rather than fancy in my choice; and ...ly hope I shall never be so much fascina... the charms of any one as to be unable to ...correct opinion of her real character."

...u will not find it particularly easy to fall ...designedly," said Mrs. Atkins, laughing, ...save yourself from falling in love by the ...of reason and judgment. Of one thing, ...r, your remark has satisfied me; at pre...are completely heart-whole."

...at is certainly true; and it is equally true ...m perfectly willing to fall in love with ...lady I meet, with whom there is a rea...hope of living happily."

...really contemplate the subject with the ...viable coolness," said Mrs. Atkins, again ...g. "I do not recollect to have heard any ...gentleman talk of love and matrimony ...ch perfect calmness and self possession. ...arming it will be, should the lady of your ...exercise as much judgment and have as ...enthusiasm as yourself! Truly, nothing ...be likely to disturb 'the even tenor of ...ay!'"

...s very possible to talk of fire without ...g warm," said Mr. Chauncey, smiling. "...iously, I hope to love my wife, should I ...arry, with my whole soul. What misery ...e one with such discordant qualities as ...lternately kindle and quench the flame ...tion! The heart must soon wither under ...process! It is my full belief that

'L'hymen et ses liens
...le plus grande ou des maux ou des biens,'

...would therefore use circumspection in a ...at so much consequence. Let me rather ...the journey of life alone, than to feel a ...whether the society of my wife will in...or diminish my happiness! Should my ...ver be warmed to love," he added, while ...beamed in a manner that showed how ...he could love—"should my heart ever ...ned to love, may its fire be unceasingly ...the same gentle hand that first kindled ...no—and may it burn brighter and clearer, ...ust in that world, the only element of ...s love! May my wife be a gentle spirit ...mpany me in the path to heaven, and lure ...k to it, if tempted to stray—and not a ...e to drive me thither as the only place of ...from herself."

...e are grown so solemn, Mr. Chauncey," ...rs. Atkins, "and seem to look for a wife ...from human imperfections, so angelic, ...almost afraid to tell you that I am ex... a visit from two of my young friends, ...or other of whom I had hoped you might ...ed."

...not expect freedom from human imper..., Mrs. Atkins; but I do hope for freedom ...defects. But who are these friends ...you speak?"

...eldest, who is not far from my own age, ...sin, Augusta Leigh—and the other is ...ustace, my favorite school-friend, who is ...younger."

...can you tell me nothing concerning ...their names, and ages?" asked Mr. ...ey.

...positively I will tell you nothing else, ...that either of them is pretty enough for a ...does not make beauty his first requisite ...; and each has fortune enough for one ...not marry expressly for money. This ...will tell you; but as they will be here in ...of a week, you will have an opportu...studying their respective characters for...

...a few minutes' thoughtful silence, Mr. ...ey said—

...Mrs. Atkins, I think I shall not be fasti...think I shall be able to overlook imper...in my wife, as I hope she would be wil...in me. Qualities and acquirements ...any might deem indispensable, I could ...with; but there is one quality that I ...of primary importance—and next to ...firm principles, that is what I shall seek ...choice."

...hat is that?" asked Mrs. Atkins.

...will forgive me if I do not answer that ...I wish to observe and judge for my...shall be more likely to judge correctly, ...known for what I am looking."

...said Mrs. Atkins, "you appear very ...and reasonable in your demands—and ...I an unmarried lady, I should be more ...ou than of any young gentleman I have ...eally, you are so calm, and reasonable ...minating, as to be quite terrifying. Give ...creature of impulse,—of passion—of en..., who will be too much carried away ...own feelings, to be able to investigate ...too clearly; whose warm imagina...othe me in the virtues and attractions ...own rosy hues. Surely," she added after a ...tary pause, "Surely had Charles been of ...temperament, I should never have known ...ppiness of being his wife!"

...day about a week after the preceding ...ation had taken place, Mrs. Atkins was ...her parlor with her two friends, who ...ved a day or two before, when Miss ...aised her eyes from the work that was in ...d to an opposite window, inquired who ...eat looking young man was, conversing ...dy, on the other side of the street.

...!" said Mrs. Atkins, advancing to the ...—"that is Mr. Chauncey, one of ...'s old friends."

...ace Chauncey, who recently returned ...urope?" asked Miss Leigh.

...same," answered Mrs. Atkins. "He ...us a call, presently, I dare say, as he ...es very often."

Before Mr. Chauncey arrives, there is just time to sketch a hasty outline of the portraits of the two young ladies. Miss Leigh was tall, well made, and commanding in her person. Her face was brilliant, with black eyes and dark hair, but rather pale than otherwise, except when tinted by some degree of excitement. Miss Eustace was rather below the medium of stature of woman, beautifully formed, and the most cheerful, happy looking creature in the world. Her eyes, shaded by long silken lashes, were of an undefinable color, and were dark or light, as intellect and feeling were awakened, or lay quiet. Her face was blooming; yet the color was so constantly changing its shade, that it seemed but the attendant on a heart "alive to every touch of joy or woe."

Mrs. Atkins was right. In a few minutes Mr. Chauncey came in, and was made acquainted with the young ladies. When Miss Leigh's name was mentioned, she calmly raised her eyes, and answered his civilities with the self possession that is common to well bred young ladies, on being made known to a stranger; but when Miss Eustace's turn came her color heightened to a burning glow, and slight and rather tremulous courtesy, was the only answer she made to the few words of compliment he uttered. "Has he forgotten!" thought she, as she resumed her seat—"Can he have forgotten!"

Mr. Chauncey lengthened his visit to nearly an hour, but it differed not materially from other visits of a similar kind. The conversation was of a general and desultory character, and carried on in a lively manner by Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey and Miss Leigh—Miss Eustace never uttered a word, except when directly addressed. On taking leave, Mr. Chauncey promised to profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit them very frequently. He was literally *in search of a wife*; and it was his wish to become really *acquainted* with those young ladies he met, in whom there was nothing which from the first moment told him that an union with them was impossible. The two friends of Mrs. Atkins were certainly not of this number, and his study of their characters soon became deeply interesting: that of Miss Leigh, because she had a great deal of character; was free, entertaining even fascinating in conversation, with a heart overflowing with kindly feelings, and a head filled with noble sentiments and independent thought; that of Miss Eustace, because he had to judge her by her countenance, as she was extremely retiring and taciturn when he was present. Her face, however, was no very dull study; for of her, if of any one, it might perhaps have been said—"her body thought;" and occasionally, when he met her eye, there was a flash across his memory of something he had long before seen, or felt, or dreamed—an undefinable sensation of pleasure, but too evanescent to be caught or retained.

"How do you like Susan's guests, Horace?" Mr. Atkins inquired one day, after Mr. Chauncey had seen them a number of times.

"How am I to form an opinion of Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey. "She indeed *looks* very much alive, but never utters a word when she can avoid it."

"How!" said Mr. Atkins. "I had never discovered that she is not as conversable and entertaining as Augusta, and far more playful."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chauncey. "But it has certainly not been so when I have met them. I think Miss Leigh peculiarly brilliant and pleasing in conversation. She appears to be a fine—a noble girl."

"They are both fine, noble girls," said Mr. Atkins. "It is not every day that we meet those who are equally so."

Mr. Atkins had not often been at home when his friend was at his house, but Mr. Chauncey's remark led him to notice Miss Eustace particularly whenever he witnessed their succeeding interviews. One evening Mr. Chauncey was with them, and Mr. Atkins chanced to be seated a little apart from his wife, her cousin, and Mr. Chauncey, who were, as usual, in the full tide of conversation, when Miss Eustace, on rising to leave the room, passed near him. He caught her hand, and drawing her toward him, said, in a low tone:

"Where is your voice this evening, Abby?"

"My voice!" said Miss Eustace.

"O, I am glad you have not lost it—but why have you not spoken for these two hours?"

"And have I not?" asked Miss Eustace.

"Scarcely," answered Mr. Atkins.

"Then I suppose it was because I had nothing to say," said the smiling girl.

"But you are not usually so silent," remarked Mr. Atkins.

"Perhaps it would be better if I were. But truly, though you may doubt it, there are times when I had much rather listen than talk."

"Especially when my friend Horace is exerting his colloquial powers! hey?"

"Just as you please, sir," said Miss Eustace, again smiling, but with some little appearance of embarrassment, and withdrawing her hand, she left the room.

Mr. Chauncey did profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit her very frequently. Miss Eustace interested him. He loved, when not too much engrossed in conversation himself, to watch the bright, the cheerful, the intellectual, the ever varying expression of her countenance. Her eyes seemed fountains of light, and love and happiness: and the dimples about her mouth and cheeks, the very abode of joy and content. There was something about her to soothe and exhilarate at the same time. But Miss Leigh soon awakened in him a deeper, a more engrossing interest.—Her talents, which were neither concealed nor displayed, commanded his admiration; her compassionate feelings and elevated principles won his esteem; so that scarcely three weeks had elapsed from the commencement of his acquaintance with her, ere he was more sedulously aiming to learn how he might render himself acceptable to her, than to ascertain whether the *indispensable quality* for a good wife, was a component part of her character.

One fine morning, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey, and the young ladies, were to go out on horseback. The three former were ready and waiting in the parlor, when the two latter came from their chamber.

"You have very becoming riding-caps, young ladies," said Mr. Atkins, "but I think neither of you have put them on quite right. Come, Abby," he added, playfully, "let me adjust your's more to my own mind."

"Oh, do," said Miss Eustace, holding up her blooming face; "make me look as pretty as you possibly can."

"There!" said Mr. Atkins, after drawing the cap a little more on one side; "I will leave it to the company if that is not a great improvement. Now, Augusta, let me try my hand at yours."

"No, thank you sir," said Miss Leigh, elevating her head, while her color was somewhat heightened—"I will wear my cap according to my own taste this morning, if you please."

"O, I beg a thousand pardons for my presumption," said Mr. Atkins, "your taste is much more correct than mine—I really beg your pardon."

Miss Leigh made no reply, but gave her hand to Mr. Chauncey, who was waiting to receive it, and the little party immediately started on their excursion. For awhile they all were rather silent, and seemed entirely engrossed in the management of their horses, but the weather was charming—their exercise exhilarating; and ere long, each one was enjoying a fine flow of spirits.—They rode several miles, and on their return home encountered a company of Irish people, men, women, and children. They looked wayworn and weary; and the faces of the children even wore an expression of anxiety and depression, as if they felt all the force of the friendlessness of strangers in a strange land. Mr. Atkins and his friends stopped to talk with them a few minutes, and bestow charity according to each one's ability or inclination, and then rode on.

"O, Mr. Chauncey," said Miss Leigh, in a low tone, after riding a little way in silence, "what pitiable objects those people were! As good by nature, and undoubtedly some of them at least, much more amiable in disposition than myself—why is it that there is so vast a difference in our lots?—How is it that I can ever be ungrateful or perverse, while thus distinguished by unnumbered and undeserved blessings!" Her tone was that of the deepest sympathy and humility, and her eyes were swimming in tears as she spoke.

Had Mr. Chauncey uttered the thought of his heart, he would have told her, that she was the most amiable, the most lovely, the most deserving among the whole family of man! And his eyes did utter it, so far as his eyes were capable of utterance, though his tongue only spoke of the vast disparity that Infinite Wisdom sees best to make in the outward circumstances of his creatures in this world. When about taking leave at Mr. Atkins's door, Mr. Chauncey received a pressing invitation to return to take tea, and spend the evening—an invitation he promptly accepted.

At an early hour in the evening Mr. Chauncey was seated amid his circle of friends in Mrs. Atkins's parlor. Before tea was brought in, and while at the table, conversation flowed as usual; and it was conversation—the exercise of the mind, the collision of wit, the interchange of opinion, the expression of sentiment, and not the idle and frivolous chit-chat, nor the oftentimes mischievous and envenomed gossip that is sometimes so mis-called. After the tea things were removed and the ladies had settled themselves to their several employments, Mr. Chauncey, at the request of Mrs. Atkins, read aloud the best of Mrs. Opie's tales, namely, "White Lies." Mr. Chauncey's voice was rich and mellow, his intonations and emphasis perfect, so that whatever he read produced the full effect the author intended. His present little auditory paid him the compliment of the most profound silence, till he finished the tale and closed the volume.

"That is a faultless story," said Mr. Atkins. "Do you not think so?" All except Miss Eustace expressed their approbation of it in warm terms. She remained silent.

"What says my little Abby to it?" said Mr. Atkins. "Do you dissent from the common opinion?"

"I think it highly interesting and instructive," Miss Eustace replied, "but not faultless."

"Pray point out the faults," said Mr. Atkins. "Let us have the benefit of your *critique* upon it."

Miss Eustace blushed, and begged to be excused. She was sorry she had expressed any feeling of disapprobation. But Mr. Atkins persisted she should point out the defects she discovered, in which he was joined by the rest of the circle. Blushing still more deeply, Miss Eustace said—

"Clara could not have felt true friendship for Eleanor, or she would not have manifested such indelicate joy when the latter was proved so base."

"Clara's own explanation that she had a *dearer* friend, at whose escape she rejoiced, was a sufficient apology."

This opinion, though differently expressed, was uttered by every one at the same moment, Mr. Chauncey excepted.

"That, as I think, is another defect," said Miss Eustace. "Was there no indelicacy in her permitting that *dearer* friend to see that she loved him, and calculated on the offer of his hand while he yet had made no declaration of attachment to her?"

"Her amiable sincerity would atone for that fault, if it could be called a fault," said Mr. Atkins.

"Hardly, I think," said Miss Eustace. "I always was sorry the passage was written, especially as it was written by a woman, and have ever been inclined to *jump* it when reading the tale. I like not that female delicacy should be sacrificed, even at the shrine of sincerity. But Mrs. Opie not unfrequently sins against the more refined and retiring delicacy of her sex."

"In what other instance do you think she has done it, Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"O, in many," Miss Eustace replied. "Any one who understands the true female character, and who will read her works carefully, will easily detect them."

"O, name them, name them, Abby," said Mr. Atkins.

"Yes, name some other," said Mrs. Atkins.

"There is one in Madaline that now occurs to me," said Miss Eustace, "that struck me as grossly indelicate, and, indeed, not true to nature. Madaline says of herself, that she sang *louder* than usual one evening when she supposed that Mr. Falconer was listening behind the hedge, that he might hear her."

"Was that false to nature, as well as indelicate, Abby?" asked Mr. Atkins.

Coloring more highly than ever, while her silken lashes fell over her eyes, as if to conceal their deep expression, she replied—

"I should have supposed that the idea of the proximity of one so dear to her, under such circumstances, would have rendered it impossible for her to sing as *loud* as usual, if indeed, she could sing at all."

Mr. Atkins, who was seated by her, whispered in her ear,—"What happy fellow taught you so much of the effect of the tender passion, Abby?"

This question covered her whole face and neck with a glow of carmine; but in a low and somewhat tremulous tone, she said—

"May not instinct teach a woman how she would probably be affected under such circumstances?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Atkins, "but for all that, I do suspect you most grievously."

All the little party continued to converse in the most animated manner, Miss Eustace excepted. She was making a feather screen for Mrs. Atkins, and she now applied herself to her work with the most persevering diligence, and in perfect silence.

"Do let us hear the sound of your voice again, Abby," said Mr. Atkins, in an under tone. "You have now maintained the most profound silence for more than an hour. Pray, speak once again."

"I will," said Miss Eustace, "for I am just going to ask Augusta if my screen will do."

"I can tell you that it will," said Mr. Atkins; "it is very handsomely made."

But Miss Leigh differed from him in opinion. "It is not so pretty as it might be, Abby," said she. "The different colored feathers are not so arranged as to produce the best effect."

"Are they not?" said Miss Eustace. "I have been trying to make it as pretty as possible. But you are correct, Augusta," added she, after holding the screen in different points of view; "it is really a gaudy looking thing. I will give it to some child who needs a fan, and will be delighted with its gay colors, and make another for my friend."

"O no, Abby," said Mrs. Atkins, "you shall not take that trouble. This is really a handsome screen."

"So I thought," said Miss Eustace, "until Augusta helped to open my eyes to its glaring defects. No, no, I will make another for you. Should you carry this, it might be thought that a Sachem had robbed some fair one of his tribe, and laid the spoils at your feet. I should take no pleasure in giving you any thing so ill looking—in such bad taste."

"Just as you please, dear," said Mrs. Atkins; "though I am sorry that you should give yourself so much trouble."

"I shall not esteem it a trouble," said Miss Eustace, as she resumed her seat, and at the same time her taciturnity.

Miss Leigh was peculiarly happy this evening. Mr. Chauncey did not, it is true, converse with her any more than usual, nor say any thing to her that he might not have said to another; but there was something in his manner, in the tone of his voice, and in the expression of his eyes, when he addressed her, that betrayed his admiration, his growing preference. Mrs. Atkins observed it with much pleasure. She truly loved Miss Eustace, and would not have been *dissatisfied*, had she become the object of Mr. Chauncey's choice; yet her cousin Augusta was the one she had in her own mind selected for his wife. But Mr. Atkins saw it with something like regret. Though he really thought that Miss Leigh was, as he had said to Mr. Chauncey, a fine, a noble minded girl, yet she was not his favorite of the two young ladies. He loved Mr. Chauncey with a warm attachment; and Miss Eustace, according to his opinion, was the very person to secure his happiness.

After Mr. Chauncey took leave, Mr. Atkins and Miss Eustace chanced to be left alone for a short time, when the former abruptly said—

"You really vex me, Abby."

"Vex you! how? I am very sorry," said Miss Eustace.

"Why, here is my friend Horace, who is decidedly the finest fellow I ever knew, whom you are permitting Augusta to carry off, without one effort to contest the prize!"

"Effort! Mr. Atkins?" said Miss Eustace. "Would you have me *make an effort* to attract his attention?"

"No—not exactly make an effort; but I would have you do yourself justice—would have you let him see a little what you are. Why cannot you talk as much when he is here, as you do at other times?"

"You are now laughing at me!" said Miss Eustace. "I have been quite ashamed of myself, ever since I was drawn on to say so much about Mrs. Opie's works."

"The only time you have spoken this evening!" said Mr. Atkins. "Truly you have great cause to be ashamed of your loquacity! Why, Augusta said more words to him in half an hour to-night, than he has heard you utter since you have been here!"

"It may be so," said Miss Eustace; "but you may depend on it, Mr. Atkins, that I will never speak a word when I should otherwise be silent, nor say anything different from what I should otherwise say, to secure the attention, or meet the approbation of any gentleman in the world!"

"You are incorrigible!" said Mr. Atkins. "And another thing—either you dislike Horace, or are attached to some other man. I suspect the latter. I have watched you a little this evening, and noticed a shade of sadness—of melancholy, on your brow, that I never saw before. I do not wish, my dear Abby, from idle curiosity, to pry into the secrets of your heart—but tell me—is not my suspicion correct?"

"I do most truly assure you it is not," Miss Eustace had just time to reply, ere Miss Leigh re-entered the parlor, and the former immediately left the room.

"O, how thankful I am," thought she, as she shut herself in her own chamber—"how thankful I am that he framed his questions as he did! otherwise what could I have done? Dislike Horace Chauncey! Love some other man! O, would the former were true! Would I had passed through the same Lethe in which he seems to have been plunged! But no matter—I will soon go home and then strive to grow forgetful myself; for never will I try to refresh his memory! Sad! said Mr. Atkins? I will not be so if I can help it!" Humming a cheerful air, which, however, lost something of its sprightliness, though none of its melody, as she warbled it, she returned to the parlor.

As day succeeded day, the visits of Mr. Chauncey became more frequent, and the interest Miss Leigh inspired more obvious. The seat next her he always, if possible, secured; if that was occupied, the back of her chair frequently afforded him a support. He interested himself in all her pursuits—looked over the book she was reading—examined and admired her work,—and never seemed completely happy unless near her, and having some object of mutual interest.

Meantime, despite Miss Eustace's resolution, she was frequently sad; and notwithstanding her efforts at concealment, which led her to appear unnaturally gay, Mr. Atkins saw it. He was observing her closely, but silently; not even suggesting to Mrs. Atkins that any change was coming over her friend. But he noticed that the moment after the frolic or the joke was passed, a seriousness rested upon her features, as unnatural to them as frivolity was to her manners.—When Mr. Chauncey was present, she indeed appeared not much different from formerly, except that her cheek was less frequently dimpled with a smile, her eyes were more intently fixed on her work, and her silence, if possible, was more profound than ever. Sometimes, when a pang of peculiar bitterness shot through her heart, she would resolve on closing her visit immediately; but when she hinted the intention to Mrs. Atkins, that lady seemed so much hurt, and so strenuously opposed to such a measure, that she abandoned the idea. Yet how could she stay three months longer,—which was the term originally fixed for her visit,—witnessing that, which she witnessed—that which was constantly enhancing her disquietude? Often in the retirement of her chamber, she would take herself severely to task. "How foolish—how worse than foolish I have been, thus year after year, to let one idea engross my heart, without ever looking forward, for a moment, to a result like this! Common sense, common prudence, common discretion would have taught me better! Yet I considered neither; but permitted my foolish imagination to indulge itself at the expense of my peace. Childish infatuation! But I will thus indulge myself no longer. This attachment shall be rooted out! He and Augusta will make a noble couple. I see it—much as my heart rebels against it. They will love and be happy! What if she will not study his very [illegible]

Mr. Chauncey drew a long breath, as if relieved from an oppressive burden.

Yet notwithstanding the speedy reconciliation, Mr. Chauncey's visit was not as pleasant as usual. Miss Leigh seemed too intent on taking her work to pieces, to converse with her usual vivacity. Nor did her countenance wear exactly its most agreeable expression. In a few minutes after the mutual kiss had been given, a look of uneasiness—of discontent settled on her features—and a certain something lurked about her eye and brow, which, to say the least, was not attractive. There was something, too, in the closing of her mouth, that rendered her far less beautiful than usual. All this might have arisen from the unpleasantness of the task of taking to pieces that which she had put together with so much care and pains. But be the cause what it might, Mr. Chauncey was paralysed by the effect. He made one or two efforts at conversation, as he found silence very embarrassing. He tasted not that rich enjoyment which he sometimes had, while sitting in perfect silence beside the object of his admiration. But his efforts to converse were unavailing, as Miss Leigh answered only by monosyllables. He wished Miss Eustace would do something to break the spell; but she had resumed her seat and her work on the other side of the room, and was as silent and unobtrusive as usual. Mrs. Atkins at length came in, and Mr. Chauncey hoped that relief was now at hand; but instead of this, the unpleasant explanation of Miss Leigh's retrograde work must be made.

"What a pity it is!" said Mrs. Atkins, "why did not some one of us observe it sooner, to save you so much trouble, Augusta?"

To this Miss Leigh made no reply, but with her mouth more firmly closed than ever, continued for a few minutes longer to undo her work. Increasing dissatisfaction, however, was legibly written on her countenance, till at length closing her hands over the pyramid, she said, "This is irksome!" and at the same instant pressed her hands together and reduced the fabric to a complete ruin.

"O, how could you do so?" cried Mrs. Atkins.

"I will make one for you, Susan, after I go home," said Miss Leigh. "I could not go on with this—all satisfaction in it was forever destroyed!"

If Miss Leigh ever appeared lovely and fascinating—if she ever appeared to be all that a woman should be, it was for the fortnight that succeeded the demolition of the pyramid: and Horace Chauncey at length surrendered himself to the force of her attractions. And yet his heart had not the perfect consent of his judgment; or rather, he feared that if his judgment were perfectly well informed its sentence would be against him. "And yet, what have I to fear?" thought he. "The strong attachment of her friends speaks volumes in her praise, even did she need such testimony in her favor. And do I not myself, constantly witness the vigor of her intellect—the correctness of her opinions—the delicacy of her feelings—the tenderness of her sympathies? What can I ask more? Where else can I find as much? He sighed deeply as he added—"Mrs. Atkins spoke truth—I have become fastidious. I am expecting that perfection on earth, which is to be found only in heaven. And am I so perfect myself as to have a right to expect perfection in a wife? Alas, how many defects will you have to overlook in me, Augusta, should you ever be mine! and mine you must be!—I can—I will hesitate no longer! This very evening you shall know the wishes of my heart!" He immediately opened his writing desk, filled a page with the avowal of his attachment, and closed by the offer of his hand.

On entering his friend's parlor in the evening, Mr. Chauncey found the young ladies engaged at chess; Mr. Atkins seated by them, watching the progress of the game, while Mrs. Atkins was occupied with a book in another part of the room. He was so often with them, that he came in and went out almost like one of the family, so that a bow and a "good evening" were all that was necessary before he mingled in the group, and became a participator in whatever was on hand. He now stationed himself behind Miss Leigh's chair, and fastened his eyes on the chess board. For some time, however, he could not fix his mind on the game, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the important letter that seemed to burn in his pocket.

"Our fair friends are so equally matched," said Mr. Atkins, "that there is much interest in watching the contest."

"Have you frequently played since you have been here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey.

"Very seldom," Miss Leigh replied.

"I thought so," said Mr. Chauncey, "or I must before this have found you thus engaged."

"They played last evening," said Mr. Atkins, "and had a warmly contested battle."

"And who was the conqueror?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"O, Augusta," said Miss Eustace, looking up, "but much against my will, I assure you. I never tried harder for a victory in my life."

"Then you bore your defeat admirably," said Mr. Atkins. "For my part, I thought you quite indifferent about it, you appeared so well satisfied after you had yielded the contest."

"O, yes,—*after* I had yielded," said Miss Eustace. "The time of trial, you know, is when one fears that they shall be obliged to yield. After all there is about as much satisfaction in being beaten as in beating; for one can scarcely help sympathizing with an antagonist who has fought bravely but unsuccessfully."

"I am happy to learn that you so much enjoy being beaten," said Miss Leigh, smiling.

"You think I shall soon have that enjoyment again?" said Miss Eustace, "and I shall, indeed, unless I pay more attention to the game."

For a full hour from this time they made their moves in perfect silence—victory sometimes leaning on the one side, sometimes to the other. The two gentlemen were as much interested as the fair antagonists; but they had taken different sides. Mr. Atkins's sympathies all being enlisted for Miss Eustace—Mr. Chauncey's, of course, for Miss Leigh. Both, however, were too gentlemanly to express their feelings by word or sign. But at length the game seemed drawing to a close, and again in Miss Leigh's favor, when a skilful move on Miss Eustace's part, turned the whole face of the battle. Miss Leigh, however, seemed not aware of it, so intent was she on the manoeuvre she had been performing. But Mr. Chauncey's heart beat quick as he saw all her danger: and when she placed her fingers on a piece, to have moved which would have decided her fate at once, his self command forsook him, and uttering an emphatic "Ah!" he turned suddenly from the table. He could not endure to witness her defeat!

Miss Leigh suspended her movement, but she was too much excited to see clearly, and after a momentary pause, she made the fatal move. The next instant she saw her error—it was too much—and at the moment when Mr. Chauncey resumed his post, with a flaming cheek and flashing eyes, she swept her arm across the table, exclaiming—

"I will never play another game of chess while I live!"

Miss Eustace looked up with an expression of anxiety on her features; Mr. Atkins with one of undisguised displeasure; while the countenance of Mr. Chauncey spoke amazement and consternation. Miss Leigh instantly left the table, and walked toward the fire, followed by Miss Eustace.

"Who is the victor to-night, Abby?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, raising her eyes from her book.

"Neither," said Miss Eustace, in a very soft and low tone; "we did not finish the game."

"You know better, Miss Eustace!" said Miss Leigh; "you know you are yourself victorious, and I will never play another game of chess while I live!" Her voice, though but slightly raised had the tone of passionate excitement; and her words were scarcely uttered, ere she burst into a paroxysm of tears. Miss Eustace again looked up with an expression of distress—stood suspended a moment as if in doubt what to do, and then silently left the room.

"Are you petrified?" said Mr. Atkins, as he turned round, and observed Mr. Chauncey, standing unmoveable beside the chess-table, his eyes riveted upon it.

The question of Mr. Atkins roused him, and drawing out his watch, he said, while his voice betrayed much emotion—

"It is later than I thought—I must bid you good night!"

"O, not yet Horace," said Mr. Atkins; "that unlucky game of chess has engrossed the whole evening. Come, sit down. Susan will throw aside her book—Augusta will get over her defeat, and we will have some rational conversation."

"You will excuse me this evening," said Mr. Chauncey, and uttering a hasty "good night," he left the room.

He was scarcely conscious of any thing until he found himself in his own chamber at his boarding house. Stirring the decayed embers that lay on the hearth to make them burn more brightly, he snatched the lately written letter from his pocket, and laid it upon them. He watched it as it consumed, until the last particle was reduced to ashes, and then, drawing a long breath, he uttered an emphatic—"Thank heaven!"

An hour afterward he rang the bell for a servant, gave some directions, and at five the next morning, while the stars were yet bright in the heavens, he took a seat in the mail coach, that whirled him rapidly away from the scene of his danger.

"What has become of Mr. Chauncey?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, the second evening after the decisive game of chess had been played—"He is staying from us much longer than usual, I think."

Miss Leigh looked up with a face of anxious inquiry, as Mr. Atkins replied—

"Indeed I don't know what has become of him. I have not had a sight of him since Tuesday evening. Perhaps," he added, laughing, "perhaps he died of the fright you that night gave him, Augusta!"

Coloring the deepest crimson, while the tears forced themselves to her eyes, Miss Leigh replied—

"At least my hasty temper will frighten all your friends from your house, Mr. Atkins, should its effects not prove any more fatal. O, could my friends know how much my ungovernable passions cost me, they would *pity* as much as they *blame* me!"

"O, do not talk of it, dear Augusta," said Miss Eustace, taking her hand. "Forget it all, as we do, or remember it only to strive after more self command for the future. You remember how much we admired the sentiment we read yesterday—

'Qui sait se posseder, peut commander au monde.'"

"O, yes; but all my efforts at self possession are useless," said Miss Leigh, almost sobbing; "I can never remember till it is too late; and then mortification and self-upbraiding are my just reward. I would give the world, Abby," she added, as she parted the hair from her friend's placid brow, "I would give the world had I your equanimity of temper!"

"Well, let us talk no more of it," said Mr. Atkins. "To-morrow I will look after the truant, and learn the cause of his absence."

He had scarcely done speaking when a servant brought in the letters and papers which had just arrived by the mail. Looking them over, Mr. Atkins caught up one, exclaiming—

"This is curious! this must be Horace's hand-writing, and the post mark is Boston."

"Pray open it," cried Mrs. Atkins. "What does he say?"

"Why, he says," answered Mr. Atkins, after rapidly running the letter over, "he says that he writes to bid us a good-bye, that he could not come to utter it in his own person."

"Good-bye!" cried Mrs. Atkins, "pray when did he leave town?"

"At five the next morning after he left us," said Mr. Atkins.

"And how long is he to be absent?" Mrs. Atkins inquired.

"Uncertain," answered her husband. "The length of his absence will depend on circumstances. Perhaps we shall not see him again these three months."

"This is very singular!" remarked Mrs. Atkins. "Does he say what called him away in such haste to be gone for so long a period?"

"Not a word. The letter seems to have been written in great haste. I have never seen such a scroll come from beneath Horace's hand. He must have been in great haste."

Mr. Atkins then proceeded to open other letters and nothing further was said of Mr. Chauncey or his abrupt departure. Yet a glance at the faces of the two ladies would have proved that the subject was not dismissed from their thoughts. Mrs. Atkins, with half closed eyes, sat looking at the fire with an air of abstraction which showed that she was endeavoring to unravel the enigma. Miss Leigh's features wore an expression of blank disappointment; and, after an unsuccessful attempt to conceal or control her feelings, she retired to her chamber. The heightened color in Miss Eustace's cheek was the only thing about her face that bespoke emotion; but an eye, fixed intently on the frill that fell over her bosom, would have seen with what force and rapidity her heart was beating.

"Gone!" said Miss Leigh, as she closed the door of her chamber; "Gone for three months! From me—forever! The die is cast!" She wept in the bitterness of disappointment and mortification. She had for many days been hourly expecting the offer of his hand—the hand she most strongly wished to possess. She had felt confident of his attachment—she had told her cousin of her expectations. She had read his affection, his admiration, in his eyes, in the tone of his voice. Had she been deceived? Had he tried to deceive her? O, no—Horace Chauncey was above deceit. He had loved her!—but like a fool—or rather, like a fury, she had forced him from her! It must have been so—that game of chess had sealed her fate! Such was the train of thought that accompanied her tumultuous and compunctious feelings. Her peace, her happiness, her self-respect were gone; and the most bitter drop in her cup of sorrow, was the full consciousness that she had brought on her own misery—that she deserved her wretchedness!

From this period all enjoyment of her visit to Mrs. Atkins was at an end. She dragged out a week or two, every solitary moment of which was spent in bitter self upbraiding, and then took an abrupt departure for home. Miss Eustace would have accompanied her, but to this Mrs. Atkins would not listen for a moment. "No, no, Abby," said she, "it must not be! I cannot part with you both at once; and one day must not be taken from the time that your mother allotted for your visit, unless by providential appointment."

"Whom suppose you I saw alighting from the stage coach just now?" said Mr. Atkins with much animation, as he came in to tea one evening, a fortnight after Miss Leigh's departure.

"Horace Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins.

"Horace Chauncey!" repeated Mr. Atkins—"How came you to think of him?"

"Because there is no one likely to arrive here, whom I should be so glad to see," Mrs. Atkins replied.

"Well, you are correct in your conjecture," said Mr. Atkins. "It was Horace, and he has promised to look in upon us for a few minutes in the course of the evening. But you need not look so much moved, Abby; for I dare say nothing will happen to drive him away to-night."

"There is nothing pleasant in the recollection of the last time I saw him," said Miss Eustace. She blushed as she was speaking at the disingenuousness which led her to permit Mr. Atkins to ascribe her emotion to a wrong cause. She felt as if

"L'art le plus innocent, tient de la perfidie."

But it was not art—it was nature. The love in a woman's heart likes not to be looked upon, at least not until it may with propriety be expressed. It is a little treasure which she feels to be all her own—a treasure she has a right to conceal from all eyes. Timidity, delicacy, natural female reserve, are the causes of this concealment, rather than want of ingenuousness. In the most perfect solitude she would blush to clothe in sound the word "I love," though she might constantly be conscious of the fact—constantly have her eye fixed on the image of the beloved object engraved on her heart. The woman who can, to a third person, speak freely of her love, loves not as woman is capable of loving!

As expected, Mr. Chauncey came in before the evening was far advanced, and though on his first appearance, his manner was not quite as calm and collected as usual, his embarrassment soon wore away, and his visit, instead of being one of a few minutes, was lengthened to a couple of hours.

"You need no new invitation to favor us with frequent visits, Mr. Chauncey," said Mr. Atkins, as he was taking leave; "those you formerly received were for life."

Notwithstanding the kindness and delicacy of this remark, Mr. Chauncey for awhile was less frequently to be seen at his friend's than formerly. He was not a pining lover; but he had received a shock from which he could not at once recover. His heart was not a heart that could long continue to love, after the beloved object had ceased to command its respect. To marry Miss Leigh, to look to her to make his home the abode of peace, serenity, and joy, was impossible; and after the full conviction of his judgment, to spend his time in sighing for her loss would be puerile. Yet apart from every selfish consideration, he did mourn, that a woman possessing such qualities as she possessed, and who might be all that the heart or the judgment could require, should be spoiled by the indulgence of one baneful passion.

Even at the time when he yielded himself most completely to Miss Leigh's attractions, the contrast between her temper and that of Miss Eustace would force itself upon him. At the moment of the destruction of the pyramid, the feather screen came fully before his memory; and the different expressions of the two young ladies' faces when Mr. Atkins ventured to propose some improvement in the mode of wearing their riding-caps, were vividly painted to his imagination. He strove however, to persuade himself, that it was unreasonable to expect in one person a combination of all the excellent and the lovely qualities that are divided among the sex; and he endeavored to believe, that that candor which was so ready to acknowledge a fault, was even more desirable than uniform sweetness of temper. But the veil had been rudely torn from his eyes; his sophistry had all been overthrown—and after one struggle, he was himself again—restored to the full conviction, that one great defect will spoil a character.

It was not long, however, before Mr. Chauncey's visits at his friend's house were as frequent as ever, though the character of his enjoyment was changed. He was no longer engrossed by one exciting object, and there was a new quietness breathing about his friend's fire side, that rendered their rich, moral and intellectual pleasures truly delightful. Formerly his visits had had all the excitement of pleasure; on returning home he had needed repose; now they had the soothing effect of happiness, and if he went weary, he returned home refreshed.

During several of his earlier visits, Miss Eustace was as silent as she had formerly been; but gradually her friends were drawing her out by addressing themselves to her, or asking her opinion; and Mr. Chauncey himself was becoming interested in eliciting her remarks. She did not awaken his admiration, like Miss Leigh; but he soon became sensible, that if what she said was less shining, it was generally better digested; and if she had less wit herself, she more heartily enjoyed the wit of others. If he did not leave her society dazzled by her brilliancy, he found that what she said called forth thought and reflection; and if her observations had less force and fire than her friend's, they would better bear examination. Her lustre was mild, not overpowering; and her influence upon the heart and mind, like the dews of a summer's evening, descending on the flowers—noiseless, gentle, insensible—but invigorating and refreshing.

That dreamy recollection, too; that strange association of certain expressions of her countenance with some by-gone pleasure, which he had experienced on their first acquaintance, but which had been lost sight of while he was engrossed by Miss Leigh, was returning with increased force upon him, and awakened a peculiar interest. It was something undefinable, untangible, but still something that gave a thrill to the heart whenever it crossed him. Yet so quiet was Miss Eustace's influence, so different the feelings she awakened from those excited by Miss Leigh, that his heart was a captive while he yet suspected not his loss of freedom.

One evening, on entering his friend's parlor, he found Miss Eustace alone, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins having gone out for an hour. She was standing at a window, partially screened from view by the heavy folds of the window curtain. She took no notice of his entrance, supposing it one of the family who came in; but he immediately joined her, remarking—

"You seem lost in thought, Miss Eustace. Will you permit me to participate in your reflections?"

"I was looking forth on the beauties of the evening," said Miss Eustace.

It was a glorious night. The moon, clear as a pearl, was riding high in the heavens, and looking down on the earth, which seemed hushed to perfect peace; and every star that could make itself visible in the presence of the queen of night, was sparkling like a diamond.

"It is indeed a night to awaken the admiration and inspire poetry," said Mr. Chauncey. "Has not the muse visited you?"

"I believe not," said Miss Eustace. "The influence of such a night on my heart is like that of music; I think it is *feeling*, not *thought*, that it inspires. O, could one communicate feelings without the intervention of words—could they throw them on paper without the mechanical drudgery of expressing them, what a volume would there be to read!" She raised her face toward him while speaking, beaming with the inspiration of the soul.

"Who is it! what is it! that you are perpetually bringing athwart my imagination—my memory?" said Mr. Chauncey, abruptly. "I seem to have had a pre-existence, in which you were known to me!"

Miss Eustace made no reply. The suddenness of the question made her heart beat tumultuously—painfully; and the intensity of her feeling produced a sensation of faintness; but she supported herself against the window frame, and her agitation was unnoticed.

"I have it; that must be it!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncey, after a moment's abstraction—"Gen. Gardner! Years ago, when quite a boy, I spent a week at his house. He had a lovely little daughter; *her* name, too, was Abby; I have neither seen nor heard from her since; but she strongly resembled you! The same lovely expression animated her features! Am I not right?"

Scarcely able to command voice enough to speak, Miss Eustace replied, "I believe Gen. Gardner never had a daughter."

"O, you must be mistaken!" said Mr. Chauncey. "It has all come as fresh to my memory as the events of yesterday. My father went a long journey, took me with him as far as the General's, and left me until his return. I was with his lovely little daughter daily for a week, and remember asking her before I came away if she would not be my wife when she became a woman!"

"Most true!" thought Miss Eustace, trembling from head to foot, "and you followed the question by a kiss."

"You are acquainted with the General's family," continued Mr. Chauncey, "and yet you say he never had a daughter! But you must be mistaken! He certainly had one then, if he has one no longer!"

"I cannot be mistaken, sir," said Miss Eustace, in tones that were scarcely audible, "as I have passed much of my time there from infancy."

"Then it was yourself," cried Mr. Chauncey, "your own self that I saw there! Am I not right? Do you not remember it?"

"I do," Miss Eustace had just voice enough to utter.

"And did you remember me when we first met here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey, with eagerness.

"I did," said Miss Eustace.

"And why," he cried, "why did you never speak of our former acquaintance? Why could you not kindly recall my early enjoyment of your society?"

Miss Eustace could make no answer. She felt as if about to betray her heart's most hidden secret; as if Mr. Chauncey would read her whole soul, should she attempt to utter another syllable. Her trembling limbs could no longer support her, and with an unsteady motion she crossed the room and seated herself on the sofa.

The attachment of Miss Eustace to Mr. Chauncey was rather an *instinct* than a *passion*. She was but eight years old when she met him at Gen. Gardner's, and she had never seen him since, until they met at Mr. Atkins's; yet the little attentions he then paid her, which were the very first she had received from one of the other sex, and which had a peculiar delicacy for the attentions of a youth of sixteen, made an indelible impression on her feelings. The strange question he asked her was ever awake in her heart—the kiss he imprinted ever warm on her cheek! She would have felt it profanation to have had it displaced by one from any other lips. But though she had never since seen, she had very frequently heard of him; and the sound of his name, a name she herself never uttered, was ever music to her ear; and for the ten long years during which they had been separated, his image had filled her whole soul. For Abby Eustace to have loved another would have been impossible! Her love for Horace Chauncey was a part of her very being!

Mr. Chauncey did not instantly follow Miss Eustace to the sofa. He wished to look at the heart—to still its emotions ere he went further. But one look showed him that he loved her wholly, entirely, individually; the sight of her agitation encouraged his hope—and advancing to the back of the sofa, and leaning over it, he said, in the softest tone—

"Now that you are a woman, may I repeat the request of my boyhood?—Will you be my wife?"

Miss Eustace spoke not a word, but her eyes met those of her lover; language on either side was unnecessary—both felt that they loved and were loved—that they were one forever!

Something more than a year after this eventful moment, *Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey* were spending a social evening with their friends, in the same pleasant parlor in which their hearts had first been opened to each other. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Atkins made known the fact that her cousin, Miss Leigh, was on the very verge of matrimony.

"I pity her husband," said Mr. Chauncey.

"Pity him!" exclaimed Mr. Atkins; "for what? I dare say he considers himself one of the most fortunate fellows alive!"

"Undoubtedly he does," said Mr. Chauncey; "but it will be a miracle if he ever enjoys domestic happiness."

"Why?" demanded Mr. Atkins. "Surely Augusta has many valuable and attractive qualities."

"I grant it," said Mr. Chauncey, "and acknowledge that I once felt their force. But should a woman combine in her own character all the valuable qualities in the world, she could not secure happiness to her husband, were they allied to a temper like her's."

"Is not that going too far, Horace?" asked Mr. Atkins. "Is it not laying too much stress on temper?"

"I think not," answered Mr. Chauncey. "Early in my life my mother often spoke to me of the importance of good temper. Her remarks which made a deep impression, led me to careful observation—and I am convinced, that could we accurately learn the detailed history of any one, from the cradle of his infancy, to the grave in which he was laid at three score years and ten, we should find that *temper*, his own, or that of others, had occasioned three-fourths of the unhappiness he had endured. Neither poverty nor toil, pain nor sickness, disappointment nor the loss of friends—neither nor all of these together have caused so many hours of bitterness in this sorrowing world, as ill temper. It is the scorpion among the passions—it stings the deepest, the most envenomed wounds that are inflicted on human happiness!"

"I rather think you are right, Horace," said Mr. Atkins, after sitting for a few minutes in silent abstraction—"I rather think you are right; and if so," he playfully added, "I really sympathise with you on account of Abby's unhappy temper!"

"Abby's unhappy temper!" repeated Mr. Chauncey, while his eyes beamed with unutterable complacency and love as they rested upon her. "*Look* at her, Charles. Picture to yourself that face inflamed and distorted by passion! Imagine your own wife so disfigured! Is not the picture terrible? Who ever imagined a woman as she should be, without investing her with meekness, gentleness, patience, forbearance, as the genuine characteristics of her sex? When destitute of these, she denies her nature—counteracts the very design of her creation!"

"But you will grant," said Mr. Atkins, "that some women are born with much stronger passions than others; will you make no allowance for these?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Chauncey, "I have no belief in ungovernable passions. I would as soon excuse a thief for his stealing, or a drunkard for his intemperance, as a sensible woman for indulging a bad temper on the score of natural infirmity. At the point of danger, a double guard should be placed. Every woman owes this, not only to herself but to her friends. She was made to lighten care; to soothe corroded feelings; to console the afflicted; to sympathize with the suffering; and, by her gentle influence, to allay the stormy and conflicting elements that agitate the more rugged nature of man! Instead of this, shall she permit her own angry passions to be the whirlwind that shall raise the storm? The woman who does this should be disowned of her sex, like those who abandoned themselves to any other vicious inclination. An ill tempered man is a tyrant; but an ill-tempered woman is a monster."

THE INTEMPERATE.

BY JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

"Pray, Mr. Dramdrinker, how do you do?
What in perdition's the matter with you?
How do you come by that bruise on the head?
Why are your eyes so infernally red?
Why do you mutter that ribald hymn?
Why do you tremble in every limb?
Who has done this?—let the reason be shown,
And let the offender be pelted with stone!"
And the Dramdrinker said—"If you listen to me,
You shall hear what you hear, and shall see what you see.

I had a father—the grave is his bed:
I had a mother—she sleeps with the dead,
Freely I wept when they left me alone,
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone:
I planted a willow—I planted a yew,
And left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew!
Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car—
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far:
Onward I went, like an avalanche down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown.

Fortune was gone, I took to my side
A young, and a lovely, and beautiful bride!
Her I entreated with coldness and scorn,
Throwing back till the break of the morn—
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her tears
Casting a blight on her tenderest years.
Sad and neglected and weary I left her;
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her—
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,
She sunk on the bosom of misery, and died!

I had a child, and it grew like a vine—
Fair as the rose of Damascus, was mine;
Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent youth,
As an angel from heaven would watch over truth.
She grew like her mother, in feature and form;
Her blue eye was languid, her cheek was too warm.
Seventeen summers had shone on her brow—
The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low!
Yonder they sleep in their graves, side by side,
A father—a mother—a daughter—a bride!

When they had left me, I stood here alone;
None of my race or my kindred were known!
Friends all forsaken, and hope all departed—
Sad and despairing, and desolate hearted—
Feeling no kindness for ought that was human—
Hated by man, and detested by woman—
Bankrupt in fortune and ruined in name—
Onward I kept in the pathway of shame;
And till this hour, since my father went down,
My brow has but known a continual frown!

"Go to your children, and tell them the tale;
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale;
Tell them his eye was all blood-shot and cold;
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold;
Tell them he passed through the world they are in,
The victim of sorrow and misery and sin;
Tell them when life's shameful conflicts were past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last!"

ADVANTAGES OF A TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

The dark storm of midnight which the hardy mariner encounters is terrifically fearful and deeply disturbs the composure of the most iron nerves. When, in the fury of the ungovernable gale, he is driven, in spite of all efforts to resist it, with terrible velocity toward the rocks and breakers of a lee shore—when all is foam around, and the thunder-tone din of elements commingling in discordant strife strikes upon the ear, and the vulture is whirling in circles in the blast above, and is screaming in anticipation of her banquet, happy, thrice happy is he if he can find firm anchorage, and if the gallant vessel in which he and his destinies are embarked be strong enough to come round into the teeth of the blast with stern and manly defiance and if the good hawser prove sufficient to hold her from the shore of remorseless desolation that frowns darkly in full vision. There he outrides the storm, and when the winds are hushed, and the torrents have ceased to pour out their 'vials of wrath,' and the 'red artillery' of heaven no longer flashes and thunders, and there is one general calm diffused over the face of nature, he glides across the waveless expanse, happier and more joyful by contrast.

This description of passages which occur in the life of a mariner may be used as an apt similitude to illustrate certain experiences which are common in the life of man in his voyage over the stormy ocean of time. Seasons of fearful trial often come in the progress of that voyage—seasons when the last glimmerings of expiring hope seem just ready to go out forever, and the over distended heart-strings are just ready to burst with overwhelming and rayless grief. These may be the situations which he is called to encounter. 'Riches take to themselves wings and fly away'—Friends, in whom he implicitly confided, prove treacherous and deceitful as the apples of Sodom.' Others enjoy the fruits of his labors, and the fortune which by industry he has amassed. 'Cruel mockings assail him—The arrows of malignant and deadly detraction are aimed at his reputation—Like furious storms all these evils beat upon him; the ocean of life is wrought into tempest;—all above, around, beneath is dark, and dismal, and cheerless. Does the firm believer in the Deity despair, surrounded as he is by such forbidding circumstances? No, never. He looks beyond the whole. Faith, like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast holds his frail bark. He outrides the full storm of adversity, unharmed by its pitiless peltings. Then succeed sunshine and brightness—all above, around, beneath, becomes calm and an atmosphere of balminess breathes its fragrance over a landscape that is cheered by songs and gladness. Confidence and perseverance then should be the motto in every difficulty.

REPENTANCE.—Lost innocence is lost forever. The victim of shame may so far check her steps in the career of evil as to maintain the outward forms of worldly decency; but it is only one instance in a thousand that repentance reaches to the soul.

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AUGUST 4, 1838.

PENNSYLVANIA LYCEUM.

Order of exercises for the Fourth Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Lyceum to be held at Lancaster, Pa. commencing August 7th. 1838. Subject to such variations as the Lyceum may direct.

Tuesday Morning.

10 o'clock—Organization of the meeting.—Names of Delegates received. Annual report from Lyceums and other literary Associations.

11 o'clock—Essay by Mr. V. Value, of Philadelphia, on History.

12 o'clock—Reports from Lyceums, &c. resumed.

1 o'clock—Adjourn.

Afternoon.

3 o'clock—Lecture by Mr. S. W. Fuller, of Philadelphia, on ———

4 o'clock—Discussion on the question, whether it would be wise and just to pass laws compelling all parents to educate their children either at their own or the public expense. To be opened by Messrs. John M. Coleman and L. H. Parsons.

5 o'clock—Lecture on Aerolites, by Dr. W. L. Atlee, of Lancaster, Pa.

6 o'clock—Adjourn.

Evening.

8 o'clock—Discussion on the question, whether Physiology should constitute a branch of Popular Education. To be opened by Dr. J. L. Peirce and Mr. Philip Cregar.

Wednesday Morning.

10 o'clock—Lecture on Astronomy, by Dr. A. Thomas, of Lancaster, Pa.

11 o'clock—Reports from Lyceums, &c. continued.

12 o'clock—Discussion on the question, which is the more useful, Moral Philosophy or Natural Science. To be opened by Mr. S. W. Fuller and Dr. Wm. Reynolds.

1 o'clock—Adjourn.

Afternoon.

3 o'clock—Exhibition and exchange of Minerals and other Natural and Artificial productions.

4 o'clock—Discussion on the question, which has the greater influence, Wealth or Knowledge. To be opened by Messrs. N. Dodge and J. Simmons.

5 o'clock—Essay by Mr. N. Dodge, of Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa. on Female Education.

6 o'clock—Adjourn.

Evening.

8 o'clock—Lecture on the State of Pennsylvania, by Mr. J. W. Forney, of Lancaster, Pa.

Thursday Morning.

10 o'clock—Lecture on Conchology, by Mr. John Simmons, of Philadelphia.

11 o'clock—Discussion on the question, is the law just which allows a man to dispose of his property by will. To be opened by Mr. Samuel Webb and Dr. A. Thomas.

12 o'clock—Lecture on Geology, by Mr. John H. Brown, of Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa.

1 o'clock—Adjourn.

Afternoon.

3 o'clock—Lecture by Mr. James W. Kerr of Philadelphia, on the formation of Coral.

4 o'clock—Essay on the State of Education in Pennsylvania, and the adaptation of her school laws to the wants of her citizens, by Dr. William Reynolds, of Womelsdorf, Berks county.

5 o'clock—Lecture on Perspective Drawing by Mr. Samuel Webb, of Philadelphia.

6 o'clock—Adjourn.

Evening.

8 o'clock—Lecture on the utility of the general diffusion of Anatomical and Physiological Knowledge, by Dr. George B. Kerfoot, of Lancaster, Pa.

J. L. PEIRCE, Sec'y.

SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

BY RICHARD BURKE, M. D.

* * * * *

There can be little doubt that much of the misery of after life springs from the mismanagement of the infant state. It is not alone sufficient that those who have the bringing up of children should guard against noxious and malignant disease, which with very little care may be [illegible]. A more imperative and [illegible] duty is that which calls upon us to prepare, by a proper and suitable course of daily exercise, a healthy habit of body which will necessarily impart to mind, in all its trying and harassing speculations, its powerful influence. When the frame and muscular system are fully developed there is a marked equanimity of life, unknown to those whose persons are weakly and infirm.

In the management of infant life, the first thing which demands our attention is the supply of food. Every one knows the old saying of a child's stomach being like a schoolboy, doing mischief, if not employed in digestion. This I consider as one of the greatest errors that ever escaped from a great man; but Rush could give currency, in his day, to the most absurd paradox. There are organs of our frame which require a period of repose quite as much as the muscles of voluntary motion; of these, the stomach is one. It is admitted that a child's stomach is more active than that of a full grown person, and that it more readily disposes of its contents. Few things demand from us greater attention than the supply of food. The common practice of cramming the stomach of a child because it is growing, is a coarse view of animal growth. It thus becomes overloaded, and altogether suspends digestion. In very early life the child is unable to take that exercise which at a later period maintains a proper distribution of its growing powers. At this age some of the organs have not yet assumed that healthy developement which they afterward attain. Of these the liver is one, whose bile is not of that healthy quality which at a more advanced period of life it is found. It is insipid, and more or less of a gelatinous nature, carrying with it, too often, acrid matter, which no other organ can neutralise. New fluids are thus generated, which at this particular age produce injurious effects upon some delicate organ. The brain is perhaps the organ which suffers most at this age. It has not yet lost its preternatural size, but attracts an increased quantity of blood. Not having attained the degree of firmness and density which it subsequently attains, it is less able to resist the impetus of blood to which it yields, terminating frequently in effusion into the ventricles, known by the common name of water on the brain. As children grow up, this predisposition is overcome, provided positive disease be not already established; for the demand which is now made for blood, by every other organ and muscle of the body, equalises its distribution.

The dress of children is a subject of deep interest. I cannot too strongly condemn the practice, which still prevails in many families of enveloping young children in endless folds of clothing, which, in almost every instance, checks and controls the proper developement of their little muscles, leaving upon thousands lasting traces of its bad effects.

A child, even at its earliest moments, requires an unrestrained freedom for its little limbs. To this nature prompts, as the only means of developing its muscular system, which we ought to favor by encumbering them as little as possible with clothing. The freedom of action which those little creatures thus enjoy, distributes to every organ and muscle its fair share of the animating principle or fluid of life. The efforts which young children, when cased in this mummy manner make, soon exhausts their strength, and a waste of animal matter is effected without adding to the general developement of the child. Let me not be understood as here advocating a system of clothing too slight for the tender years of infancy. I am well aware of the absolute necessity of warm clothing at that particular age. But all this may be secured without overclothing. If we do not attend strictly to this view of the question, we create the very evils we are anxious to avoid, and in our blindness would point out a path for nature to walk in, fashioning into various deformities those helpless beings. In this state children are very irritable, and by their screams give sufficient indication of their feelings which this unnatural constraint of clothing creates. The evil is not limited to the simple control of motion; the temper of the child, thus kept in a constant state of inquietude, perverts all the secretions, so that the healthy supply of chyle is no longer furnished to the blood, for laying down new matter for the growing child. Should the child be placed at nurse, its chance of permanent relief is then small indeed. We cannot expect from nurses the same attention which mothers show. In nine cases out of ten, when children cry, it is from restraint, which prevents their playing. The nurse thinks she performs her part of the contract, if she supplies its food at regular hours, and secures it from broken legs and arms, by confinement. These, though good in their way, are unfortunately often obtained at too high a price —partial or general bodily infirmity. Children, these good-natured nurses assure us, if left to themselves, are evermore getting into some kind of mischief or other, followed by deformities of the feet or legs. A threat of this kind, held out to a weak minded mother, is sure to procure for the nurse a carte blanche to do as she pleases. It is scarcely necessary to refute the absurd notion of children becoming deformed by freedom of motion. Our West Indian settlements happily afford a satisfactory reply to such a statement, in the beautiful symmetry of the black and brown population, especially whilst children. There the little negroes are allowed from the earliest moments to toss and tumble about as they may fancy, on the ground or matted floor, with no other covering than the sable one which nature has supplied. By this means every muscle being called into one kind of action or another, as long as the child is not fatigued, becomes beautifully developed, and the fine athletic frames which they exhibit when grown to man's estate, has been ascribed by all naturalists chiefly to this cause. We can trace the effect of a good physical education still farther back, and to more classic regions than our sugar colonies. It is admitted by historians that the vigor and power of the ancients were mainly to be ascribed to the great attention which they bestowed on gymnastics. The clothing of children for all gymnastic exercises should be so loose as to offer no check to any motion or change of position which in its sport it may choose; but, unfortunately, the taste which now pervades all ranks, in screwing up children in silks and brocades, holds out but slender prospects of this. Children are now paraded in our streets and public walks with all the affected gravity of age, and every natural impulse to riot or sport is instantly checked, because, forsooth, they are not graceful and dignified.

The diet of a child must be of a good nutritious quality, to prepare healthy matter for its growing frame; for, however well constituted the original disposition of organs may have been, they can at best but act feebly and imperfectly when the blood is impoverished, and deprived of those qualities so necessary, not only for keeping up the healthy action of organic life, but for laying down fresh materials for the growth and increase of the frame. The quantity and quality are two items in the diet of a child which demand the closest attention. In the early years of infancy, there is in the stomach and intestines of children an excess of mucous matter, which arises in almost every instance from over-eating. To correct this, the first step is to reduce the quantity of food, the next to improve the tone of the stomach by mild aperients, regular open air exercise, with good but plain simple diet. If we do not succeed in removing this offending matter, there is, in a very short time, an almost perfect suspension of nervous influence, and the seeds of disease and deformity are thus laid down for the unhappy child. These exhibit themselves under various forms. In some we see enlargement of the glands of the neck; in others, swellings in the large joints; in more, incurvation of the spine, enlargement of the head and belly, attended with great emaciation. In our attempts to fortify and strengthen the little sufferers, we must not resort to food of too stimulating a quality; it should be plain solids, as roast meats, with well-baked bread and light puddings; but all kinds of pastry must be scrupulously avoided. For young children the limitation of meat is to be carefully proportioned to the child's growth, and the kind of exercise which it general takes. There is, I think, an unjust prejudice against animal food for children. If fed exclusively on it, I am ready to admit its dangerous tendencies, as containing so large a quantity of highly-stimulating properties, which the infant years of a child cannot by exercise fairly distribute to the general system, but with proper limitations it is unquestionably the best. Vegetables, as being highly nutritious, should form a fair proportion in their diet; if boiled to a pulpy softness, or, as the French dress them, avoiding only the fatty matter which they introduce, they are highly nutritious; but unfortunately, the half-boiled state in which they are served up, especially to children, renders them absolutely indigestible. It is hardly necessary to dwell on milk as an article of diet; every one will admit its importance. There are, however, particular seasons at which I think it possesses certain properties more highly nutritious than at others. Of these the spring and summer I consider the seasons during which milk should constitute the chief drink of children. At all seasons it is, if pure, a good article of diet for children, but more especially in these two. This is to be ascribed to the quantity of vegetable food supplied at those seasons, and which is so different from the dry, and in many cases coarse, oily substances which, during the winter months, constitute the food of cows. But beer, for the same reasons, is also more nutritious at those seasons; but for children, I should never allow it more than once a day, and then only at breakfast in moderation. But I fear I am entering too deeply into the medical nature of the subject; yet these are points of sufficient interest in the consideration of a child's growth and physical development, in which all classes are deeply concerned. To some of these I shall now direct attention. Air, light, and heat, as they affect man's system, are points to which I shall now allude. The effects of the former depend on its physical and essential properties, on the combinations in the human body, and the changes which it there undergoes. There is a popular but erroneous belief, that air acts on our [illegible] through the lungs. This is an error productive of great injury during the early years of childhood, and consequently in after life. That the lungs are the organs where the greatest change is effected, is admitted; but to suppose that the action of air on our system was limited to the lungs, would be quite unphilosophical. Such is its vivifying effect, that frogs when deprived of their lungs, live a considerable time by the action of the air alone on the surface of their bodies. In our anxiety to protect children from cold, we envelope them so completely, that not a particle of air can come in contact with any part of their little frames, save and except the lungs. Now a slight acquaintance with the influence of physical agents on life would enable us to correct a mistake of considerable importance. Children bear a reduction of temperature better in youth than in advanced life; and it is a beautiful provision of nature, which, in protecting the helpless years of infancy, has established as a law, that as the faculty of producing heat increases, the faculty of supporting a reduction of temperature diminishes; thus young animals possess the faculty of bearing a low temperature in proportion as they produce less heat. We thus see that the anxiety which parents manifest for the health of their children by over-clothing is not so absolutely necessary as they imagine. Air is only dangerous by its rapid vicissitudes, and then only when children are unaccustomed to it; so that if we study their health, we must accustom them to its alterations, avoiding all rapid or sudden changes. Edwards, of Paris, to whom the world is so much indebted for the beautiful experiments connected with this subject, has shown that lizards, if united to pulmonary respiration in summer, die from want of air.

It is necessary to maintain for children a certain degree of temperature, without which there will be an expenditure of vital power which young children can ill afford. This may be easily effected by non conducting substances, as flannel, which all children should wear next the skin in this variable climate, if not throughout the year, most assuredly during the winter and spring months. Even in the cold bracing air of winter there is a vivifying principle, of which the public are not aware, and which, if applied properly to the growing system of infant life, would be productive of good results. That there is such a power in it, we know by experiments on frogs, which, when deprived of their lungs, live longer in winter and cold weather than in warm summer weather, because the vivifying action of the atmosphere is not sufficient to counteract the heat of summer. Air, in simple contact with the body, maintains a respiratory action. The heart is seen to pulsate, and the blood in the lungs to become vermilion, in cases where the thorax has been opened, and where the natural respiratory action of the lungs was destroyed by the weight of the superincumbent air. Zoophytes, which are not supplied with respiratory organs, derive, from the application of air to the surface of their bodies, all the advantages which the more perfect orders of the creation derive through the lungs. Erdman states that the cobitis swallows air, which is decomposed in the alimentary canal, and acts on the blood-vessels which it comes in contact with, similar to what occurs in ordinary respiration.

Light, combined with heat, has powerful effects on the system of infant life. By both the sensibility is increased, and the tension and solidity of the muscular system augmented. Heat alone produces relaxation, but, in union with light, it is a good tonic. Light imparts to the blood under the skin its influence, just as we see it give vegetable juices their consistence and color. The sports and amusement of children should be, when the weather permits, always in the open air. They are thus exposed to the combined action of light and heat, whose influence on our system is much greater than we are aware. Humboldt, in talking of exposing the entire body to their effects, says of the Chaymas, "The men and women have round, well-formed, muscular bodies. I never saw an individual with a natural deformity. I can say the same of the Caribbeans, Mexicans, and Peruvian Indians, which I have observed for five years." Whatever other causes may conspire to this developement, Humboldt is decidedly of opinion that light produces a most important result.

There is but one subject more to which I can now refer; this is cleanliness of the entire body, as it affects the health of children, the neglect of which, in the early years of childhood, is productive of the greatest mischief. Much of this may be ascribed to the low order of intellect which generally predominates in those who have the management of children. Could we but raise this class in the scale of moral and intellectual beings, we should add largely to the comforts and health of children. Such a scheme is, I fear, impracticable. We cannot hope to reform our present system on a scale sufficiently extensive to be practically applicable to large communities, so long as nurses are chosen from that order of human beings whose reasoning faculties, where children are concerned, are limited to eating, sleeping and playing. Now these, in their way, are all well enough, but in reality constitute a small portion of the several items which should occupy the whole soul of those who undertake so responsible a trust as that of bringing up a child. In early life there is a great determination of blood to the cuticular surface of a child. This increased supply of blood will necessarily require increased facility for the exit of transpirable matter. In infancy the skin is the great outlet which nature seeks. Should any obstruction occur to cuticular transpiration, the matter which should pass off by that channel is either thrown back on the circulating fluids, or becomes condensed in the form of scabs on the skin of the child. A good deal, perhaps all of this, may be avoided by a regular use of the hot or cold bath. For children who are healthy, the cold water bath should be used during the warmer weather, with a warm bath once a week, in which the child should be well washed with soap and a brush. When taken out they should be rubbed quite dry with a coarse napkin, and the body rubbed over with fine salt; this latter may be very advantageously employed, for the effect of salt on the system of man is, as some suppose, a regenerating power. When organic disease exists in children, it is hardly necessary to state that cold bathing under any form is unsafe, with some few exceptions, when the nervous system is chiefly engaged. A proper attention to hot and cold bathing would not only save children from many of the distressing diseases of infancy, but impart tone and vigor to their general system.

CEREMONIAL OF THE CORONATION.

On arriving at the west entrance of the abbey, her Majesty was received by the great Officers of State, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops carrying the patina, the chalice, and the Bible, when her Majesty repaired to her robing-chamber, constructed on the right of the platform without the entrance.

The Ladies of her Majesty's Household and the Officers of the Royal Household, and the respective households of the Princes and Princesses, to whom no duties were assigned in the solemnity, immediately passed to the places prepared for them respectively.

Her Majesty, having been robed, then advanced up the nave in the choir; the choristers in the orchestra singing the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord," &c.

THE PROCEEDING FROM THE WEST DOOR OF THE ABBEY INTO THE CHOIR.

The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.

Officer of Arms.

Comptroller of her Majesty's Household.	Treasurer of her Majesty's Household, (attended by two gentlemen,) bearing the Crimson Bag with the Medals.
Her Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain, acting for the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household; attended by an Officer of the Jewel Office, bearing on a Cushion the Ruby Ring and the Sword for the offering.	The Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, his Coronet carried by a Page.
The Lord Privy Seal; his Coronet carried by a Page.	The Lord President of the Council; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, attended by his Purse bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Archbishop of Armagh, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand.

The Lord Archbishop of York, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand.

The Lord High Chancellor, attended by his Purse bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand, attended by two Gentlemen.

PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circle of Gold on her Head. Her Train borne by Lady Caroline Campbell, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household.

The Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Morpeth.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of GLOUCESTER, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circlet of Gold on her Head. Her Train borne by Lady Caroline Legge, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household.

The Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Emlyn.

THE REGALIA.

St. Edward's Staff, borne by the Duke of Roxburgh; his Coronet carried by a Page.	The Golden Spurs, borne by Lord Byron; his Coronet carried by a Page.	The Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Cleaveland; his Coronet carried by a Page.
The Third Sword, borne by the Marquis of Westminster; his Coronet carried by a Page.	Curtana, borne by the Duke of Devonshire; his Coronet carried by a Page.	The Second Sword, borne by the Duke of Sutherland; his Coronet carried by a Page.
Black Rod.		Deputy Garter.

The Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, as Lord Great Chamberlain of England; his Coronet borne by a Page.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, in his Robes of Estate, carrying his Baton as Field Marshal; his Coronet borne by the Marquis of Granby; his Train borne by Major-General Sir William Gomm.

His Royal Highness the Duke of SUSSEX, in his Robes of Estate; his Coronet carried by Viscount Anson; his Train borne by the Honorable Edward Gore.

High Constable of Ireland, Duke of Leinster; his Coronet borne by a Page.		High Constable of Scotland, Earl of Erroll; his Coronet borne by a Page.
The Earl Marshal of England, Duke of Norfolk, with his Staff; attended by two Pages.	The Sword of State borne by the Vis. Melbourne; his Coronet carried by a Page.	The Lord High Constable of England, Duke of Wellington, with his Staff and Baton as Field-Marshal; attended by two Pages.
The Sceptre with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond; his Coronet carried by a Page.	St. Edward's Crown, borne by the Lord High Steward, Duke of Hamilton; attended by two Pages.	The Orb borne by the Duke of Somerset; his Coronet carried by a Page.
The Patina borne by the Bishop of Bangor.	The Bible, borne by the Bishop of Winchester.	The Chalice, borne by the Bishop of Lincoln.

THE QUEEN,

with their Standard Bearers	The Bishop of Bath and Wells.	in her Royal Robe of Crimson Velvet, furred with Ermine, and bordered with Gold Lace; wearing the Collars of her Orders; on her head a Circlet of Gold.	The Bishop of Durham.	Ten Gentlemen at Arms, with their Lieutenants.

Her Majesty's train borne by

Lady A. Paget,	Lady C. A. G. Lennox.
Lady F. E. Cowper	Lady M. A. L. Talbot.
Lady A. W. Fitzwilliam.	Lady C. J. W. Stanhope.
Lady M. A. F. Grimston.	Lady L. H. Jenkinson.

assisted by the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, (his coronet borne by a Page) followed by the Groom of the Robes.

The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes.

Marchioness of Lansdowne, First Lady of the Bedchamber.

Ladies of the Bedchamber, viz:

Countess of Charlemont.	Marchioness of Tavistock.
Lady Littleton.	Marchioness of Normandy.
Lady Portman.	
Lady Barham.	

Maids of Honor, viz:

Hon. Margaret Dillon.	Hon. Harriet Pitt.
Hon. Miss Cavendish.	Hon. Caroline Cooke.
Hon. Miss Lister.	Hon. Matilda Paget.
Hon. Miss Spring Rice.	Hon. Miss Murray.

Women of the Bedchamber.

Lady Harriet Clive.	Lady Barrington.
Lady Theresa Digby.	Lady Copley.
Hon. Mrs. Brand.	Viscountess Forbes.
Lady Gardiner.	Hon. Mrs. Campbell.

The Gold Stick of the Life Guards in waiting; his Coronet borne by a Page.	The Master of the Horse; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain General of the Royal Archer Guard of Scotland; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; his Coronet borne by a Page.	The Captain of the Band of Gentlemen at Arms; his Coronet borne by a Page.

Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse.

Ensign of the Yeomen of the Guard.	Lieut. of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Clerk of the Checque.

Exons of the Yeomen to the Guard.	Exons of the Guard.

Twenty Yeomen of the Guard.

The Prebendaries entering the choir, ascended the theatre, and passed over it to their station on the south side of the altar, beyond the Queen's chair.

The Lord Steward of the Household passed to his seat, as peer; and the Vice Chamberlain, Treasurer and Comptroller of her Majesty's household passed to their seats.

The Lord Archbishops of York and Armagh, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, passed to their seats.

The Dean of Westminster, the great officers of state, viz: the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshall, with the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, ascended the theatre, and stood near the great north-east pillar thereof.

The Princesses and the attendants of their Royal Highnesses, were conducted by the officers of arms to the royal park.

The Princes of the Blood Royal were conducted to their seats, as peers, by the officers of arms; and the noblemen who carried the Coronets, and the trainbearers of their Royal Highnesses went to the place provided for them.

The High Constables of Scotland and Ireland were conducted to their places as peers.

The pages upon ascending the theatre, delivered the coronets and staves, which they carried, to the respective noblemen, and went to the seats provided for them.

The Gentlemen at Arms, who guarded her Majesty, remained at the foot of the steps ascending the theatre, and were especially ordered not to advance any further; the Officers of the Yeomen of the Guard and the Exons stood within and near to the choir door; and the Yeomen of the Guard stood on the nave outside of the entrance to the choir.

The Queen ascending the theatre, passed on the south side of her throne, to her chair of state, on the south-east side of the theatre, being the recognition chair, and, after the private devotion, (kneeling on her footstool,) took her seat; the bishops; her supporters, standing on each side; the noblemen bearing the four swords on her Majesty's right hand, the sword of state being nearest to the royal person; the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Lord High Constable, on her left; the other great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, the Dean of Westminster, Deputy Garter, and Black Rod, standing near the Queen's chair; the Bishops bearing the Bible, the chalice, and the patina, stood near the pulpit, and the trainbearers, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and the Groom of the Robes, behind her Majesty.

The Mistress of the Robes, the Ladies of the Bedchamber, her Maids of Honor, and the Women of the Bedchamber passed to the seats provided for them.

The Master of the Horse, the Gold Stick, the Captain General of the Archer Guard of Scotland, the Captain of the Band of Gentlemen at Arms, and the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, passed to their seats as peers; and the Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse to a seat provided for him.

THE RECOGNITION.

Upon the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury advanced to his station at the south-east pillar, and, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, preceded by Deputy Garter, moved to the east side of the theatre, where the Archbishop made the recognition thus:—

"Sirs, I here present unto you QUEEN VICTORIA, the undoubted Queen of this Realm; wherefore all you who have come this day to do your homage, Are you willing to do the same?" and repeated the same at the south, west, and north sides of the theatre; during which time her Majesty stood up by her chair, and turned toward the people on the side at which the recognition was made, the people replying to each demand with loud and repeated acclamations of "GOD SAVE QUEEN VICTORIA;" and, at the last recognition, the trumpets sounded, and the drums beat. The bearers of the regalia during the recognition remained standing about her Majesty.

Her Majesty then resumed her seat; and the Bible, the chalice, and the patina, were carried to and placed upon the altar by the Bishops who had borne them, who then retired to their seats.

The great officers resumed their station near her Majesty.

Two officers of the wardrobe then spread a rich cloth of gold and laid a cushion on the same, for her Majesty to kneel on, at the steps of the altar.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then proceeded to the altar, put on his cope, and stood on the north side. The Bishops who were to read the Litany, also vested themselves in their robes.

THE LITANY

Was then read by the Bishops of Worcester and St. Davids, kneeling at a faldstool above the steps of the theatre, in the centre of the east side thereof, the choir reading the responses. At the conclusion of the Litany, the Bishops resumed their seats on the bench along the north side of the area.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

Previously to which the choir sang the Sanctus —"Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts!" The Archbishop then began the service, the Bishop of Rochester reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Carlisle the Gospel. The service being concluded, the Bishops returned to their seats.

THE SERMON

Was then preached by the Bishop of London. During the sermon her majesty continued to sit in her chair on the south side of the area, opposite the pulpit, supported on her right hand by the Bishop of Durham, and beyond him on the same side, stood the noblemen carrying the swords; on her left, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and near him the Lord Great Chamberlain. The Archbishop of Canterbury took his seat in a purple velvet chair, on the north side of the area. Deputy Garter standing near him. The Dean of Westminster standing on the south side of the area, east of the Queen's chair and near the altar.

The Lord Bishop of London preached the sermon, on the text from the 34th chapter, 31st verse, of the 2d book of Chronicles—"And the King stood in his place and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book." His lordship observed that the King who had thus entered into covenant with Heaven was the young Josiah, who, to give the more solemnity to it, had revived a long-forgotten and salutary practice of former Kings. To enter into such a covenant was also the import of the present ceremonial, by which the young sovereign of this country was to be reminded solemnly of her dependence on God, and to bind herself to govern her people according to the laws and in the spirit of the Gospel; while, on the other hand, it taught the people to render to her a hearty and trustful obedience, founded upon the most sacred of pledges. It was, in reality, an acknowledgment, on the part both of sovereign and of people, of obedience to Him, to whose greater honor and glory all government should be directed—that alone being the proper object—that alone being the purpose for which He has given mankind the blessing of laws. Forms of constitutions might vary, but the authority was derived from God; so that while a Sovereign held that high office by the law of man, he asserted his authority in virtue of the law of God. As to the person entitled to allegiance, man's obedience might arrange the choice, but it was only God's will which could give it its true sanction—that alone was the sure foundation of beneficence and equity in the supreme authority. His lordship proceeded further to dwell upon the necessity of religion being cultivated by sovereign and people on all occasions, and as their first interest. He further took occasion to pass a high eulogium upon the late King, who had seriously and zealously promoted the service of God, and whose demise, comparatively so soon after his appearance in all the solemnities of an occasion similar to the present, bore with it a most impressive lesson. He prayed, however, that the bright sun which so brightly gilded the morning of the young sovereign's life, might continue to shine upon her through a long day of happiness.

THE OATH.

The sermon being concluded (and her Majesty having, on Monday, the 20th day of November, 1837, in the presence of the two Houses of Parliament, made and signed the declaration,) the Archbishop of Canterbury, advancing toward the Queen, and standing before her, ministered the questions prescribed by the service; which, having been answered by her Majesty, she rose from her chair, and, attended by her supporters and the Lord Great Chamberlain, the sword of state alone being borne before her Majesty, went to the altar, where, kneeling upon the cushion placed on the steps, and laying her right hand on the holy gospels, tendered to her Majesty by the Archbishop, took the Coronation Oath, kissed the book, and to a transcript of the oath set her Royal Sign Manual, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household holding a silver standish for that purpose, delivered to him by an officer of the Jewel-office.

The Queen then returning to her chair, where her Majesty had sat during the ceremony, on the south side of the area, the following hymn was sung by the choir, the Archbishop reading the first line, "Come, Holy Spirit, our souls inspire," &c. The effect was now sublime beyond description.

THE ANOINTING.

Upon the conclusion of the hymn, the Archbishop read the prayer preparatory to the anointing, "O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing, with oil, didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets," &c. At the conclusion of this prayer, the choir sang the anthem, "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet," &c. A

Messenger for June, 1838.

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PRICES.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2.

Ashes	per ton	Pot	$——
Beeswax	per lb	Yellow	——
Bristles	per lb	American	——
Cotton	per lb	New Orleans	16 — 16
Flour	per bbl	Genesee	——
		do. N. York	11 — 11
		Baltimore	11 — 11
		Fancy brands	——
		Corn Meal	——
Grain	per bush	Wheat	——
		Rye	——
		Corn	——
		Oats	——
Hay	per ton	Timothy	——
		Clover	——
Hemp	per ton	American	——
		Russia	——
Hops	per lb	1st sort	——
		2d sort	——
Iron	per ton	Pig	——
		Bar	——
		Blistered	——
		Hoop	——
		Sheet	——
		Nail rod	——
Lead	per lb	Pig	——
		Bar	——
		Sheet	——
Leather	per lb	Soal	——
		Upper	——
		Dressed hides	——
Molasses	per gal	Cuba	——
		Louisiana	——
		Havana	——
Oil	per gal	Linseed	——
		Sperm	——
		Whale	——
		Lard	——
Provisions	per lb	Beef	——
		Pork	——
		Hams	——
		Shoulders	——
		Lard	——
Rice	per lb		——
Seeds	per bush	Clover	——
		Timothy	——
		Flaxseed	——
Spirits	per gal	Brandy	——
		Gin	——
		Whiskey	——
Sugar	per lb	Loaf	——
		Lump	——
		Brown	——
Tallow	per lb		——
Tobacco	per lb	Kentucky	——
		Ohio	——
		Manufactured	——
Wool	per lb	Prime Saxony fleece	——
		Merino	——
		Full blood	——
		Half blood	——
		Com. wash. fle.	——
		do. unwashed	——
		do. washed	——
		do. unwashed	——
		Pulled	——

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, August 4, 1838.

The new work, Ellen Clifford is to be had of Mr. Perkins, Chesnut street.

The veteran officer, Commodore John Rodgers, died on Monday evening, at his residence in this city, short time sickness, after a long and professional illness.

BREAD AND FLOUR.

Many and just complaints are made by our fellow citizens in relation to the manner in which our bakers dole out to them. Flour may now be bought at $6 50 to $6 75 per barrel, and there is no alteration in the size of the few loaves which are given for it. Flour at $6 50 per barrel was sold for ten and eleven dollars per barrel. The craft think more of making profit on a fortunate than they do of the general good.

In several trades labor saving machinery has been introduced with good effect, and the bakers should have in exact from their customers, at present unreasonable and extortionate prices, it would be well for a company to obtain a charter, by which bread of a superior quality to be made in any quantities. At the present prices of bread, it is supposed, from 100 to 200 per cent. profit might be realized.

The question has been proposed whether the act of Congress prohibiting the issue of the notes of the old Bank of the United States, before the expiration of the present month of August, should pass them. The bill as originally framed was made to bear on all and every person who should employ these notes in the transaction of business after that date, and made it a felony to do so. The penalty of the law as it now stands is restricted to the officers of the bank.

The Hon. Joseph Hemphill, of this city, has been appointed by the Attorney General of the United States Solicitor. On this subject we think the United States Gazette has forgotten its usual discretion.

Two thousand shares of the stock of the New-Brunswick and Amboy Railroad Road Company, known as the Bonnington Rail Road Company, were sold on Tuesday, by M. Thomas & Sons, at 64¼ dollars per share, to the Girard Bank.

The Bond of the Bank of the United States, due in 1839, for two millions of dollars, has been purchased by Charles McAlester, Esq. it is said, for sale and re-investment. The bonds of the following bonds will be liquidated when every may be required, to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

The Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road Company issued proposals in London on the 21st of June, for a loan of one million, three hundred thousand dollars. It appears there has been expended on the road, between Norristown and Reading, $1,550,000: on the part below Norristown, $214,000; and about $180,000 will be required to finish the road to Peter's Island. The road is completed only to Norristown, and consequently passengers from Philadelphia will be conveyed in the cars to that place, and thence to the Norristown and Philadelphia Rail Road.

The Committee on Premiums and Exhibitions, of the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, for the promotion of the Mechanic Arts," announce that the Tenth Exhibition of American Manufactures, will be held at the Masonic Hall, in this city, from the 5th to the 8th of November next; and that the premiums will be obtained by these exhibitions is, to collect the productions of native ingenuity and industry, in the expectation that the public attention will thereby be the more strongly excited to the useful arts, while at the same time, as a consequence, a spirit of emulation will be excited among the workmen in the different trades. In awarding the premiums to works of excellence, we hope the committee will exercise their judgment with a rigid impartiality. Property conducive to the comfort of these exhibitions is eminently serviceable, in promoting the true interests of the country, in affording the community information, and extending encouragement to genius and talent.

A case which strongly shows the oppression with which round truth in connection of Church and State, has been occurred in Chatham, Massachusetts. A citizen who was a regular member of the Baptist Church, had a tax imposed on him by the Congregational Society, amounting to nine dollars and eight cents. Payment was refused, and a collector seized two cows, the property of this citizen, which were afterwards replevied for the same sum by the collector. They were kept in durance for some days, when not having the fear of the Lord before their eyes, and not knowing how to deal with them fairly, they sold the cows to the original owner, the Baptist preacher, for the sum for which they were seized, and paid the nine dollars into the treasury. It only a few days since the Declaration of Independence was read, in every part of the country, and vivid panegyrics passed on the bill of rights; but it is to be feared that with all our boasting, we are falling rapidly behind Europe in our conceptions of rational liberty. Our friend of the Yarmouth Register can tell us whether this be true.

STRIKE OF LABORERS.

For some time past a strike appears to have existed among the laborers employed on the Canal, and their employers. The laborers showed a restless disposition, which was put down by the Mayor. The refusal of the contractors to give the laborers, to whom they agree to pay one dollar a day for six hours work—the laborers appeal a day for six hours work—the laborers appeal to the public, that any acceptance of the offer would be the means "of sustaining oppression, or supporting the merciless tyranny against a hard working class who ask for a moderate reward for labor." In what country of the old world would the payment of a dollar for ten hours work be considered "merciless tyranny?" The laborers there could not on an average receive a fifth of the sum.

HARVEST AND NO HARVEST!

From every part of the country the most gloomy reports of an abundant harvest have reached us; the principal difficulty being to obtain laborers sufficient to gather in the crops. In the cheering prospect thus offered to our attention, we could have wished our distant friends had been enabled of our wants, and afforded that assistance we know they are able to render. It had been our confident expectation that when the pressure on their attention had passed over and the harvest home gathered in, their proverbial hospitality is required, would have been remembered. We would respectfully suggest that subscribers and agents bring up these "lee way," and please take under an obligation, it will ever be our pleasure to acknowledge. Generous patrons while the bounty of nature has been liberally bestowed on you, remember there is something as an endless to, and which you can well spare. A trifle from each who may be in arrears, would be greatly serviceable. Thousands of dollars are now due, which should ere this have been paid: let the hint suffice.

THE QUEEN OF BEES.

The following facts show that death itself does not destroy the instinct of home in the bee of this monarchs. On the 20th of July, two hives swarmed at the same time, in the garden of a gentleman in Holmesburg, near Philadelphia, and fixed themselves on the limb. The gentleman immediately placed a large hive above them, into which, in a short time, the greater part went. The remainder swarmed over and covered among them, and a large detachment suffered themselves to drop on the ground, where they remained in a body. The gentleman was desirous of learning the cause, roused them up with a small stick: when all were on the wing a bee was found quite dead, which appeared to be the queen. She had died so long and less than the working bee, whose wings were short and of variegated colors, which appeared to have been the effect of attraction; but as soon as she was withdraw, than the dispersed fraternity slighted and clung to it as before. This experiment was repeated several times with the same result. Conclusive that this was one of the queens, he placed her in a small box, and to try the loyalty and attachment of her former subjects, suspended it upon the limb of the apple tree. In a short time the whole of the day in different parts of the garden, where she in soon discovered by the prying insects, which gathered in a body around her. In large clusters, seemingly bewailing the loss of their female monarch.

WALNUT ST. THEATRE.

Mr. E. S. Conner has been performing through the week to crowded houses, with much reputation to himself, and will this evening take a benefit, when will be presented the popular drama entitled the Iron Chest. We are glad there is no alteration in the size of the few loaves which are given for it. Flour at $6 50 per barrel was sold for ten and eleven dollars per barrel. The craft think more of making profit on a fortunate than they do of the general good.

Mr. Hadaway, who has been absent some time, has returned to the city, and will appear to the audience. A splendid fac simile representation of the coronation of the Queen of England is in preparation, and will shortly be practiced.

Messrs. David Felt & Co. Stationers' Hall, N. York, have published a very excellent work entitled Moral Views of Commerce, Society and Politics, in twelve discourses by Orville Dewey. The discourses are delivered in the hall which are appropriate to the present state of society, and will be received with much satisfaction by all who read them. The price of the work is $1 25, for sale by Kay & Brother, No. 122 Chesnut street.

The division in the Presbyterian Church, has been a subject of discussion among many other persons than those connected with the respectable denomination whose unhappy feuds have sig nalized the public attention. The case has been instituted in the Supreme Court, which involve the whole matter in controversy. The following is a correct statement of the case as it stands, and came up for hearing on the 30th July. It had been maintained by one of the parties, that the acts complained of were purely ecclesiastical, and that as such they were not subject to review by a legal investigation. Events of this kind are of great importance to the community, whatever may be the opinion entertained on which they occur. They prove the fact that no summary, absolute ecclesiastical authority can exist in this country, and that every legal establishment is subject in its operation to the supervision of the law of the land. So may it ever be.

The Commonwealth ex rel. Dunning, and the Augustinian of the Hon. Joseph Hemphill, Esq. | *In the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.*

March Term, 1838.

The Rev. Ashbel Green, D. D. and others. | No. 60.

West of Quo Warranto, issued the 8d June, 1838. Return of the first Monday in July, 1838.

The above case involves the legality of the proceedings of the late meeting of the Assembly of Presbyterian Church, in the United States, held in this city, in the month of May last. Rules had been entered on the part of the relators, for the case to plead preparatory to a trial.

The supreme Court held their annual session on the last Monday (30th) in July, and Mr. *Justice Kane* presided.

Kane (with whom were *Chauncey and Read*.) Let a rule be entered on the relators to show cause why the writ, in this case, should not be set aside as having been obtained improvidently, unadvisedly, and illegally, in the premises set forth in it. As the suggestion filed is insufficient. And let the proceedings on the writ of quo warranto, be in the mean time suspended.

Ibid. It is made apparent from the different acts of Assembly and the authorities on his first ground, and argued that the suggestion did not set forth the facts necessary to give rise to the power of the defendants.

Ibid. The question, on the part of the relators, replied to *Mr. Kane*, showing that the writ in this case was issued by the supreme court, and not by the Presbyterian Church, that the law and practice under the statute confirmed this mode of proceeding, that even if it had been irregular, it was not for the supervisory of the defendants, and could not now avail them.

Mr. Justice Kane second, *Mr. Meredith* replied that the suggestion was in the usual form; that the title of the relators was only stated to show their interest in the matter; and that, though the fact were otherwise, it might be amended. Mr. Ingersoll argued that the rights of the relators were not elected in the place of the defendants.

Randall, (on the same side) commenced by stating, that they had no right to inquire into the motives of those who had issued the writ, but its practical effect was delay: if successful, it would extend the time for the meeting of the Assembly in December. He had indulged the hope that both parties would assent to an immediate trial of the question of this unhappy controversy: all such expectations must be abandoned.

Mr. Randall was then proceeding to cite authorities, when he was stopped by the Court, who said that they were fully prepared.

Mr. Brodford then addressed the court, on all the grounds taken by the counsel, and replied, that the defendants were ready to meet the case on the merits, and that the delay complained of was entirely owing to the irregularity of the proceedings, were irregular, they ought not to waive any advantage it might give them. The question was not one of law or of equity, but of fact, and was purely a question of personal pleading, and, if they could, in this cause, they would certainly do it.

The case was continued until a late hour in the day, when the court refused the motion on all the grounds taken by the defendants.

Mr. Kane then stated that the rule to plead would be given on the first day of August, and successively ordered the court to enlarge the rule till the first day of December, and that on *Monday* in *September* next, both of which motions were also refused by the court, to the order in which they were made.

Mr. Kane—We understand that the defendants have since filed their plea, and that the cause will be set down for trial at the next November Nisi Prius for the city and county of Philadelphia.

COMMUNICATED.

A friend of ours who has been pursuing his avocation as an engineer in the "West" relates to us the following anecdote. Whilst engaged in his duty, he met with an old woman, who immediately commenced a conversation. The knowledge he displayed on various subjects, astonished the old lady, and she exclaimed in the plenitude of her rapture and astonishment,—"La me, that's a mortal pity such a learned scholar as you are should be an engineer! Why don't you keep a little grocery?"

LITERARY OMNIBUS.

John Murray, of Lancaster, Pa., a private in the U. States marine corps, died suddenly at Charleston from a stroke of the sun.

It is thought there will not be more than half a crop of cotton in Alabama this season.

The dwelling house of Geo. Inzier, of Franklin county, Ohio, was consumed by fire on the 19th ult. and two children were burnt alive in the flames.

Two large flocks of crossed coal have been discovered in the valley of the Kentucky river. Five hundred Merinos with their wagons filled with furniture have left Granga county, Ohio, for Mississippi.

A Good Shooting Country.—The Grand Gulf Advertiser says, that about ten days have been shot in duels and other broils within the State of Mississippi, during the last three months.

The first fruit of the consistory policy of Lord Durham, in the re establishment of a liberal newspaper called the Times, on the 1st inst.

Two vessels of 1920 tons and 420 horse power sails this day from Liverpool, to run between that port and New York.

Canada is becoming tranquil, the disturbances with agitated the country are gradually disappearing.

There has been a great drought in Rhode Island, so that the milk cows have failed to give their usual quantity of milk.

The Long Island bank has declared a dividend of six per cent. payable on the 1st of Aug.

The Provident Institution for savings, in Boston, has now on deposit $2,000,000 in cash to the credit of 13,615 depositors.

Two young men, the one 20 years old, and the other 18 years old, had a quarrel, and finally fought a duel with swords, in which the elder combatant was killed.

Mr. De Lange succeeded in a duel at St. Louis with Mr. Albert C. Yates, of N. Y. has since died.

The British schooner Louisa Ann, Captain Cook, was lost on the coast of Texas, July 4th, Captain and crew saved, and part of the cargo.

It is said about one hundred thousand Indians have been driven out of the north country in every direction.

The Mobile Journal and Commercial Company of Mobile has declared a dividend of twelve and a half per cent. for the last six months.

A young man named John Robinson, was shot dead by an unknown person, while working in a corn field on the 31st ult. shortly after.

In Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and Wisconsin, the papers speak of the crops in the most favorable terms.

A few days since at Pottsville, Mr. Wartman had his arm injured by the unexpected discharge of a cannon.

The first rugged vessel that ever reached Cincinnati from New Orleans was on the 8th May, in sixty-eight days passage.

Several gentlemen a short time since swam across the Ohio river from Cincinnati to Newport on each.

The Baltimore banks still continue to receive the small notes of all the banks in Maryland.

Fire persons have been arrested in N. York and Brooklyn, for passing counterfeit notes were found on their persons.

Thomas Bateman, a negro was convicted of biting his wife's nose off, for trial and had before the Court of Over and Terminer of St. Louis recently, and the case is condemned to be executed in the State prison.

The line of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania has been organized with Morris Ballantine, Esq. as President, and Samuel Fruthingham as Cashier.

At Pictou, Nova Scotia, the explosion of a coal mine destroyed 65 of the miners.

All the respectable watering places have been thronged during the warm weather.

Solid Cotton Wheels.—Messrs. Field & Patton, at Hancock, Fowler county, Ohio, have lately sawed the side wheels of a steam vessel. They have latched this season, the best trial of the kind in the country, 10,000 staves, and have planked a vessel of 300 tons burthen. They are engaged in every county in Ohio with saw mills and have six machines.

Number of Lunatics in England—According to parliamentary returns, there are in England 15,000 patient confined in 1,000 houses, including the different classes of society, cannot be estimated at less than 1,000,000 out of 14 millions, one person in every twelve hundred. The cost of their support, medical and maintenance and circulation of this number.

The Webster Dinner—We learn from the Boston papers that the dinner to be given to the Hon. Daniel Webster, was a grand affair. The number present was about 1,200, at Faneuil Hall. It is said that several persons, who had tickets, were refused admittance at the three dollars for the privilege of leaning against the walls! After the dinner, Mr. Webster, having been called on by an elegant speech, retired to his residence in Franklin street.

The Last Fever.—It is said that a malignant disease of a fatal character, has broken out in a village in Indiana, Monroe St. tarry, and carried off many of the population. It is said to be a *black fever*, on account of the color of the body after death. Several cases of the same kind have been observed on the frontier of France.

Collodion—Professor Goodsell D. Smith, Esq. of Baltimore, has suggested a most valuable method of destroying the chrysalis to the cocoons of the silk worm. It consists in exposing the cocoons to the influence of ignited charcoal. On a small scale, a stove will answer the purpose, several in extensive operations, but we cannot but hope that the time will arrive when the cocoon will be a portion at least of the crop which now appears so unprofitable.

From the Essex (Md.) Gazette, July 28.

The corn crop of this county is suffering from the drought more than we have ever known during near a month.—Our farmer have given up all hope of a crop.

From the Charleston (Va.) Free Press, July 2.

The corn crop is now suffering under a long drought, and a failure to a great extent is inevitable, unless we have copious rains in the course of a few days, it will be greatly "curtailed of its fair proportions." The garden, potatoes, and all vegetables are in a sad plight. Should the rain having fallen for a month, and the weather during the greater part of the time extremely warm.

From the Williamsport (Md.) Banner, July 28.

It is impossible for the corn crop now, and prior to withstand such withering intensity of heat. Vegetation is at a hasty berance that is looked for the want of rain, so long has it been since our neighborhood has been favored with a shower.

From the Frederick Herald, July 28.

The Drought—A most distressing drought has now prevailed for twenty-seven days, in our neighborhood, by which two thirds of the corn crop, it is thought, have been irretrievably ruined, and the remainder much injured, and in all probable, will be destroyed, unless we have rain in a few days. The gardens and vegetation in general are burnt up, and no pasturage is to be had for cattle.

Lockjaw Lens.—A remedy has been discovered for the cure of lockjaw, resulting from the application of strong ley made from wood ashes. The part injured is not to be bathed in the ley frequently, and if it be as a part of the body that cannot be conveniently immersed, apply flannels, wetted with the ley. It affords speedy relief, and gradual cure. This is a simple remedy, but it is worth remembering and trying. The simplest are often the most efficient agents.—Many cures are said to have been wrought by this.—Southern Churchman.

Carey, Lea, and Blanchard have just published a new novel entitled "Homeward Bound," a tale of the sea, in two volumes, by the author of the Pilot, &c." The design of the work, accordingly to the author, was to exhibit the present state of society in the United States, as it would appear to different persons who had recently arrived from Europe, on whom the distinctive features of the country might be presumed to make a stronger impression than on the residents. The story necessarily speaks of adventures on the ocean, and the scenes of the shipwreck are said as being peculiarly at home, and his name will recommend it to popular favor.

The United States Branch Bank of New York is shortly to go into operation. Printers have been employed for several weeks past in the Bank, printing notes of $5.

In the eighteen days preceding Wednesday last, the city authorities caused to be taken up and killed, five hundred and thirty-two dogs.

On Thursday evening last, the stables of the Black Bear Tavern, at the corner of Market and Tenth streets were destroyed by fire.

On Sunday Morning about 6 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the garret of a recently built house on the north side of Pine street near Fifth, which, with its contents, was consumed. All those of three adjoining houses were much injured.

A candle it is said was left burning in the apartment, the fire of which communicated with the wood work. Three families in the upper garret were injured by the falling in of the roof, and one was so much hurt by the falling of an arch, that her recovery doubtful. The dwelling house of Mr. Tingley was robbed of some valuable watches, for the recovery of which he has offered a reward. A very disgraceful fight occurred between two of the fire companies. The occasion and the day should have been sufficient to induce the members to ab-tain from acts of violence inward each other. But this is becoming frequent, and it is much to be dreaded that the fire department would take measures for their suppression.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE—LOSS OF LIFE.

About half past three o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the soap factory of Baumeister & Co. situated on the corner of 14th Ridge Road and street, and before the progress of the conflagration could be checked the major part of the building was destroyed. Messrs. Baumeister, Perry and West streets was destroyed.

A very large number of families, many of which are of the poorer classes, have been by this sad calamity deprived of their homes, and turned out upon the world with little more property than they could grasp that which they carried on upon their backs.

In addition to the loss of property, we have also to record the loss of life. Samuel Kilpatrick, an aged man, residing in the building in the rear of No. 146 Hamilton street, who was in bed at the time the fire commenced, was burned to death. His remains were found in the cellar, and removed to an adjacent building, for the purpose of holding an inquest over them.

There were rumors afloat in the vicinity of the fire, that other had perished in the flames, but we could not trace them to any satisfactory source.

About 40 houses where wholly or partially destroyed, and at least 100 families have been thrown on the public—*New York paper.*

The Pack and his Pipe.—The fondness of a Turk for his pipe is quite a passion: morning, noon, and night, he scarcely quits it; he sleeps with it in his mouth, and on awakening it accompanies his first thoughts. During the fast of the Ramazan, when for the less pious Turk he is forbidden by the precepts of his religion to smoke or use any manner of enjoyment, hundreds of pipes are sold, because with them they are more fulfilled and a burning craft by their side, answers the double purpose of remembrance of the duties of the day and of the duties. The effect of such a drought on vegetation, with a parching sun and varying winds, is disastrous indeed. Corn, potatoes, and vegetables of every kind are suffering at the present, which a few weeks ago was exhibiting a luxuriant appearance. Many farmers are looking of cutting down their corn to feed their cattle. The earth is baked, and the sources of vegetation dried up. As the train of cars passed through Turner's Brandywine bottom yesterday, a spark from the locomotive fired a valuable field, and a flame immediately flashed over the dry grass, and consumed the fence. The fire was extinguished by the exertions of the passengers, but not before it had destroyed a large portion of the fence.—*Delaware State Journal.*

United States Appropriations for 1838.—The appropriations made during the first and second sessions of the twenty-fifth Congress, amount to $8,413,064 87. For the civil and diplomatic service, including the Post Office, about $2,000 thousand, the three hundred and sixty dollars, twenty-two cents. The gross of heads of expenses are—

For the support of the Government and support of United States hostilities in the year 1837,	$2,103,900
Civil and Diplomatic,	1,317,360
Miscellaneous,	3,127,860 10
Fortifications,	1,254,000
Protection on the Northern frontier,	625,300
Total,	8,064,150 30
Revolutionary and other pensioners,	1,348,836 57
Current expenses of the Indian Department,	3,802,427 73
Preventing and suppressing Indian hostilities,	7,739,410 41
Harbors,	1,553,000 53
Rivers and Canals,	367,110 36
Miscellaneous,	540,364
Private claims,	43,192 97
	$25,413,064 87

From the Baltimore American.

THE CORN CROP.

The growing crop of Corn every where is too much reason to apprehend, is alas, already seriously injured by the drought. Had the long continued drought which have prevailed for weeks past, over Maryland especially, and to the region of country lying West of the Blue Ridge, been confined to the small important of the products of agriculture, the loss would be severe, but it would be confined to the loss of both oats and bread, and constituting as it has in part for the Northern and Southern States. The following paragraphs, coming from different sections of the country, will be read with interest by general in its effects, but we cannot but hope that they may yet fall in sufficient season to restore a portion at least of the crop which now appears so surprising.

From the Easton (Md. Gazette, July 28.

The corn crop of this county is suffering from the drought more than we have ever known during near a month.—Our farmer have given up all hope of a crop.

From the Charleston (Va.) Free Press, July 26.

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Lockjaw Lens.—A remedy has been discovered for the cure of lockjaw, resulting from the application of strong ley made from wood ashes. The part injured is not to be bathed in the ley frequently, and if it be as a part of the body that cannot be conveniently immersed, apply flannels, wetted with the ley. It affords speedy relief, and gradual cure. This is a simple remedy, but it is worth remembering and trying. The simplest are often the most efficient agents.—Many cures are said to have been wrought by this.—Southern Churchman.

TRAVELLING AGENCY.

Mr. Samuel Arnold, has accepted an agency for the Saturday Evening Post, Casket, &c. in TENNESSEE and MISSISSIPPI. Mr. A. is fully authorized to receive subscriptions, make settlements, arrange any difference in accounts, and all other matters with our friends in the West, which he may call on. Our friends will please favor Mr. Arnold, with their good offices, as he is a gentleman whom we especially esteem. His orders on us will receive prompt attention.

The patrons of Brown's Literary Omnibus may be assured that the members of our publication list following valedictory of Mr. Brown, is late publisher.

The subscriber has, respectfully, to our new friends, we have only to observe, that we shall endeavor to give satisfaction to those of them who may be pleased to remain with us. In a to should be done with the arrangement, and decline receiving a periodical so different in its composition from that they originally contracted for, as the Sunday Evening Post is, the subscription will be promptly discontinued on the receipt of their orders. We have on hies in the Book Keeper's department of five quires, which we shall periodically, being one of long and interesting tales, and a variety of miscellany, and that we could be more likely to give satisfaction to his Patrons than by a her of the numerous publications of Philadelphia. In bidding a respectful adieu to a friend a reward. A very disgraceful fight occurred between two of the fire companies. The occasion and the day should have been sufficient to induce the members to ab-tain from acts of violence inward each other. But this is becoming frequent, and it is much to be dreaded that the fire department would take measures for their suppression.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE—LOSS OF LIFE.

About half past three o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the soap factory of Baumeister & Co. situated on the corner of 14th Ridge Road and street, and before the progress of the conflagration could be checked the major part of the building was destroyed. Messrs. Baumeister, Perry and West streets was destroyed.

A very large number of families, many of which are of the poorer classes, have been by this sad calamity deprived of their homes, and turned out upon the world with little more property than they could grasp that which they carried on upon their backs.

In addition to the loss of property, we have also to record the loss of life. Samuel Kilpatrick, an aged man, residing in the building in the rear of No. 146 Hamilton street, who was in bed at the time the fire commenced, was burned to death. His remains were found in the cellar, and removed to an adjacent building, for the purpose of holding an inquest over them.

There were rumors afloat in the vicinity of the fire, that other had perished in the flames, but we could not trace them to any satisfactory source.

About 40 houses where wholly or partially destroyed, and at least 100 families have been thrown on the public—*New York paper.*

The Pack and his Pipe.—The fondness of a Turk for his pipe is quite a passion: morning, noon, and night, he scarcely quits it; he sleeps with it in his mouth, and on awakening it accompanies his first thoughts. During the fast of the Ramazan, when for the less pious Turk he is forbidden by the precepts of his religion to smoke or use any manner of enjoyment, hundreds of pipes are sold, because with them they are more fulfilled and a burning craft by their side, answers the double purpose of remembrance of the duties of the day and of the duties. The effect of such a drought on vegetation, with a parching sun and varying winds, is disastrous indeed. Corn, potatoes, and vegetables of every kind are suffering at the present, which a few weeks ago was exhibiting a luxuriant appearance. Many farmers are looking of cutting down their corn to feed their cattle. The earth is baked, and the sources of vegetation dried up. As the train of cars passed through Turner's Brandywine bottom yesterday, a spark from the locomotive fired a valuable field, and a flame immediately flashed over the dry grass, and consumed the fence. The fire was extinguished by the exertions of the passengers, but not before it had destroyed a large portion of the fence.—*Delaware State Journal.*

United States Appropriations for 1838.—The appropriations made during the first and second sessions of the twenty-fifth Congress, amount to $8,413,064 87. For the civil and diplomatic service, including the Post Office, about $2,000 thousand, the three hundred and sixty dollars, twenty-two cents. The gross of heads of expenses are—

For the support of the Government and support of United States hostilities in the year 1837,	$2,103,900
Civil and Diplomatic,	1,317,360
Miscellaneous,	3,127,860 10
Fortifications,	1,254,000
Protection on the Northern frontier,	625,300
Total,	8,064,150 30
Revolutionary and other pensioners,	1,348,836 57
Current expenses of the Indian Department,	3,802,427 73
Preventing and suppressing Indian hostilities,	7,739,410 41
Harbors,	1,553,000 53
Rivers and Canals,	367,110 36
Miscellaneous,	540,364
Private claims,	43,192 97
	$25,413,064 87

From the Baltimore American.

THE CORN CROP.

The growing crop of Corn every where is too much reason to apprehend, is alas, already seriously injured by the drought. Had the long continued drought which have prevailed for weeks past, over Maryland especially, and to the region of country lying West of the Blue Ridge, been confined to the small important of the products of agriculture, the loss would be severe, but it would be confined to the loss of both oats and bread, and constituting as it has in part for the Northern and Southern States. The following paragraphs, coming from different sections of the country, will be read with interest by general in its effects, but we cannot but hope that they may yet fall in sufficient season to restore a portion at least of the crop which now appears so surprising.

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RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 31,	A. G. Du, Dover		
	Rob't. see P. Moseley,	2 50	
	Jos. Hall, Bordentown,	1 75	
	T. H. Hutchinson,	1 75	
	P. W. Caldwell,	1 50	
	Jos. Hall,	1 00	
	Jas. Mercereau,	2 00	
	Jno. Fenton,	1 00	
	Jno. Fenton,	1 00	
	Jno. Fenton,	1 00	
	Robert Thompson,	2 00	
	Jno. Fenton,	1 00	
	July 28,		
	Jno. Fenton,	1 00	
	Jno. Fenton,	1 00	
	Jno. Fenton,	1 00

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its Savour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.—SECOND SERIES.

ODE XXX.—TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

"O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique," &c.

ay lady of the fairies, oh—
An Honour and'd immortal Bess;
Convivial, (such his forceful style,)
Of Britain's Isle, and her island clime
A double kingdom's queen,
In one short line; for first great queen
Was ugly, and her island clime
Was but a bogg'd, industrial den,
And not precisely an Elysian scene.

Poets will lie. But I digress—
What matchless sequence Bess
Or Shanley's sequence rhymes?
Rhymes which us tar or stone my own
As Henry's daughter or her throne
Quotient of issues of four times;
I mean in intellectual grace,
And not the living beauty of a face.

Mind's true majesty, and accession,
The like pageantry of arms,
Is less than nothing in my estimation;
And not more rational than children's sports
Of London, with proof, with sherry, nerious,
Some of my countrymen are all in form
At country seats. A queen, like one in them,
Would die like dull asses at the game.

Tan thee, Victoria, last bewitch'd the hearts
Of nobler men as well as the gibbon boys,
Tha' fairer Sirius sets in dusty carts,
And brighter shines in mud; mid weepings,

What George, the idiot Hanoverian, lost
By means so, like himself, mean;
Victoria, such his little cost
Save that of smoke and presents, may regain,
Already has her condescension won
Full many a loyal Republican's son."

Our souls her flowers of Yankee growth,
Another sends a monstrous cheese:
A third, more loyal than the's both,
So do stuff, to make the new empire serene,
And one proficient in a courtier's trickery
Cats, for her use, a cord of turkey!

And then the gracious queen returns
A letter and a kind reserve,
Saying her house with grateful color burns,
And that they're very clever tall—so, every,
Yet one fair thing, I have no more to say,
Than this short ode. The much, to sooner due,
Ionely prefer—not to throne I bend
Save that of heart: I'm not the lad for you.
And yet, O dark-legg'd majesty, shine
That we who know our birth-right, and would
secure
Before a mortal, like ourselves, to bow,
Are not the greatest region that e'er were born
But thy—appanages to the sacred crown
Of land, on, who a sovereign's her throne lok'd
And poor'd the heated accents of applause.
They tow'rs the regions, and—course them!—should
be laid up.

August 4, 1838.

FACETIOUS CRANBERRY-ISM.—"Tell your mistress that I have been the CAPTAIN, and a governess to a passing domestic of his lodging-house. "Very well, sir; matches will put if down as rum."

JOHN WILKES.—One evening when the House of Commons was going to adjourn, he said to Burke—in a speech—"Sir," said he "I have sent a copy to the Public Advertiser, am I now reducible to show it to you or if I have published without having been delivered."

HOW TO MAKE A FUSS.—Take your carriage; consult it well—add lame coachman, or if not to hand, a pair may do. Select two or three acres—the fresher—not there any and put them all on a good corner. Purse in a light wardrobe, a large stencil-book, and a heavy purse. Keep your carriage open, which empty your chaise—put them in retail motion, and add as many accidents and adieu. Purses as can be got. Bail up to some with plenty of enthusiasm—pour it out to one in three large volumes—let the worn run off till it be reduced to one—add it up into chapters, and then put it into book form.

"Pray can you tell me what that man was hanged on the other day?" Said an Irishman to an acquaintance whom he happened to meet. "Forgery, I believe was the charge." "Indeed! was it?" returned the Irishman.—"Why MURPHY told me it was *parricide*."

CURIOUS NOTION OF DISCOUNT.—It chanced one gloomy day, in the month of December, that a good humored Scotchman applied to a tea merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date—and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but then, my lit-ey you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

QUACKERY.—A certain Italian nobleman had very good health, but not contented with that, he would send a message quick medicines, to render his hasty more than well. The consequence was, that he found with disease ever after, till the day of his death. Never did any of his folly when it was too late, he ordered the following epitaph might be put upon his tomb. *"I was well, I wanted be better, and hear I am."*

TRUE COURAGE.—It was told to the father of Frisby of Boston, that Frisby had had a plot to murder him. "I can well believe it, he said, 'for I know he is a coward; and therefore dare not go to the death; murder would at once spare us both." In contradistinction to this firmness was the remark made by the Duke of Marlborough, when informed that an officer whom he had cashiered for misconduct, sought an opportunity to take his life. "I am to be apprehensive," said the Duke, "because I know him to be a man of courage."

INCOMBUSTIBLE CLOTHING.—A London Journal says that a solution of phosphoric acid has the power of rendering linen, muslin, &c. incombustible. This has been fully demonstrated at the Royal Institution, on late occasion, to the satisfaction of a numerous audience. It is of importance that this fact should be made generally known. Phosphoric acid may be obtained by burning a piece of phosphorus in a bottle, which it will be found in the form of a white powder, which is readily soluble in water.

A USEFUL DISCOVERY.—It is said that the difficulty always experienced, in recovering persons from a tumbling on fire, to unscrewing by throwing over their heads cold water or harness which they are accustomed to, when they will be led out with the most docility. This be true, it should be known very generally, as many valuable horses are lost by being consumed in burning stables.

QUACKERY.—A lady on Long Island, N. Y. considerably advanced in age, having been for some time afflicted with an affection of the nerves, and the neighboring physicians having failed in their attempts to relieve her of the unusual action of the quick order, she had him called. After he had for some time examined her pulse, and inquired for the good husband and consultant? He answered.—Man, it is a nervous worry case. Pray doctor, inquired the lady, what is that? It is a drooping of the nervous fluids in the nervous system, said the physician, and the land goes histarism, tarsaria-ism! Oh! Doctor, exclaimed the lady, you have described my feelings exactly.

ANECDOTE OF WILBERFORCE.—A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation, looking for a despatch which he had mislaid—he had delayed the search till the last moment—he seemed at last quite vexed and tortured. At this instant entered a distressed man in the nursery overland acquired. Mr. friend, who was then with me, said himself, "Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly finished the words, when Wilberforce turned to him, and said, "What a blessing it is to have these dear children, they always bring relief, under other horrors, to hear their voices and know they are well.

COMPLIMENTARY.—An old clergyman, and rather eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of the South, one Sunday, at the close of his services, gave notice to his congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission—on a mission *to the heathen*. The members of his church were struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons in great agitation exclaimed—"Why my dear sir, you have never held as one word of the before! *to what shall we do?*" "O, brother C——," said the parson, with the greatest sang froid—"I don't expect to go out of town."

THE SNEAK.—I have often heard a fretful speculator, told of some student of Chapel-Hill University. What his name was I know not—but I confess his reply is worthy of preservation. The College commencements were at that time very poor—particularly the article of better-ship—but there was one that relieved the tedium, which, from long keeping, had become rascal. One of the students, upon hearing it was announced as to write the fish and throw it, better and all, against the wall. The unfortunate fish was thrown to pieces, but the butter stuck to the side of the room. One of the tutors instantly arose, and demanded of him in a manner worthy of the mischief. There was no answer. The demand was repeated, when, after a pause of silence, a sharp voice replied—"Ask the butter—it is old enough to tell its father."

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—A circumstance occurred on the Prince's arrival at Washington, which must have furnished him and his suite with some mortification. He had entered the city perfectly sober, and it drew "marvellously illustrated." With the best intentions, he was conducted to Gadsby's for "bed and board." The servants in the public rooms, after serving them from head to foot, and not conceiving it very proper to sit down to table, (until then there was no room in the hotel.) They next went to Brown's Hotel, where they were equally scrutinized, and with the same result—there were only two rooms in the garret unoccupied. In the travellers' room they joined the other elevated dormitory, rather than go farther. The last-named room could not be had, for the reason that Sterritt, and the copriests of taste the spirit of Bacchus, and the genius of invention, and remains there to this day. Mr. B. who ordered the best chamber to be immediately prepared for the royal travellers, and the Prince installed to the man, of the Prince a similar one with amusing advantages of a common bed-chamber, in which the hero stops at a fashionable hotel where he was followed by a policeman some time before on account of his shabby appearance, but when he called in an elegant carriage, and with a splendid retinue of servants, there was no difficulty in the fatiguing splendor of his reception.—*Baltimore Sun.*

ANECDOTE OF PITT.—William Pitt was one of the most popular of men among the elite of Pumpkin Society. An inclement evening while he was in the French Metropolis with Wilberforce, 1783, which was well worth repeating as one of the many curiosities of the age, and recently published Life of Wilberforce, by his Sons. It was landed in Pitt, through the intervention of Horace Walpole, that he would be an acceptable visitor for the head of the daughter of the celebrated M. Necker. Neckar was said to have inflicted upon the state of France for fourteen thousand pounds per annum. But notwithstanding the elevation of the father, the great connections of the daughter, and the extent of the endowment, the British statesman withstood the temptation; and his self-control prompted the reply, was, "I am already married to my country."

A GROOM AND HIS DUTIES.—A groom is a chap that a gen'l'm't keeps to clean his boots, and to be blown up when things go wrong. They are considerably numerous in this metropolitical beggars, and they never known notion.—Why? Because they is in a hurry to take up any thing that they can I pretended to know any know-ledge. I always get men from the country, because then you'll find it very good economy to apply to show that you're not to be imposed upon, and will save you the trouble of finding how a part. The first thing to do is to teach him to get up early, and to have at every thing, but brushing, rubs, or touches. As the leather breeches stands to be kept for Sundays, you must get him a pair of cord rojs, and mind, order them of large size and baggy behind, for then you can't tell the trick of biting at chaps when they are cleaning them. And o' no account allow him to wear a coat, and